



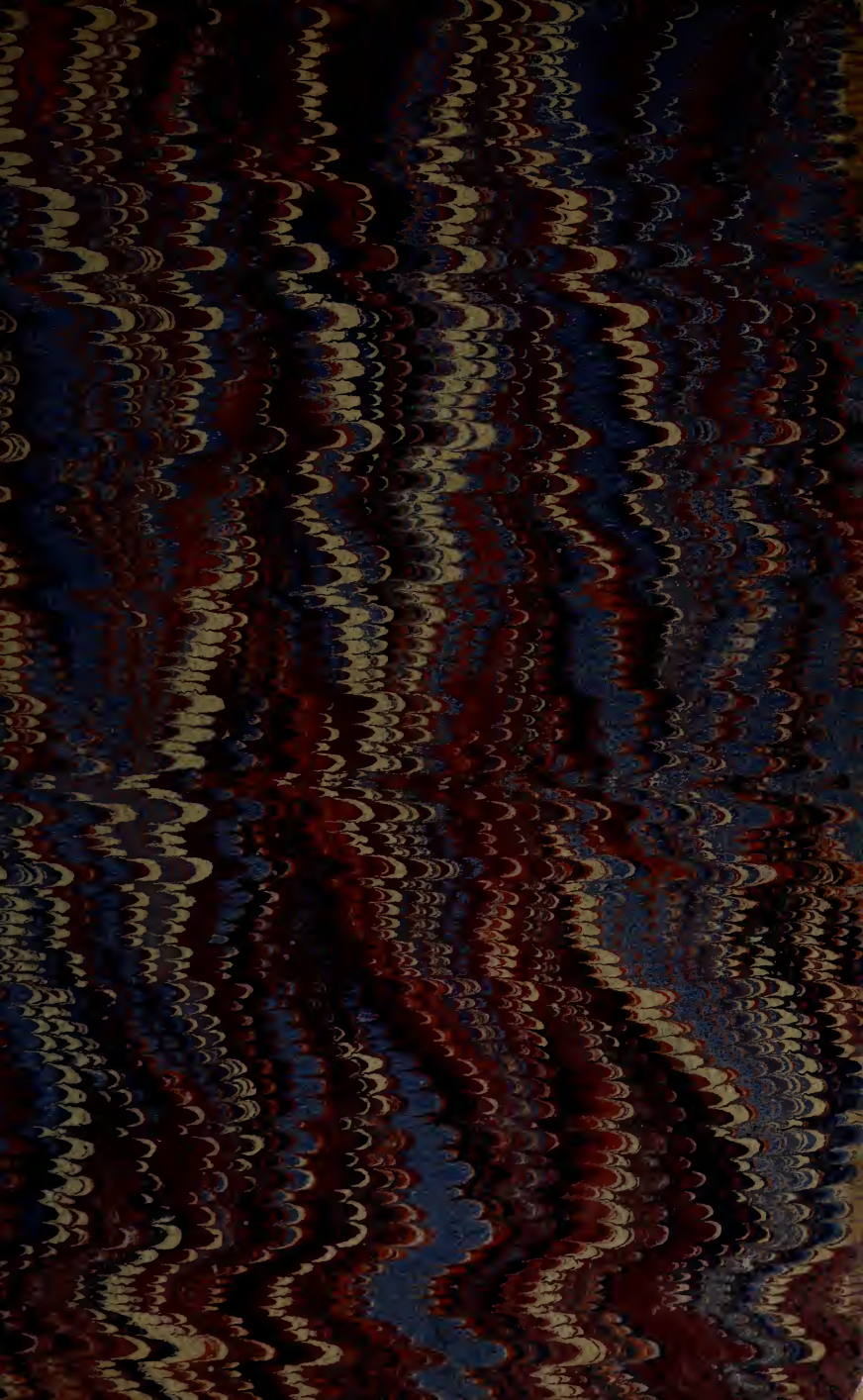
LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

Chap. BF 1311

Shelf F 8 D 3

Copyright No. 1866

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA:



DEATH .

AND

THE AFTER-LIFE.

THREE LECTURES.

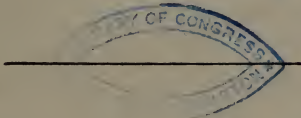
BY

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ROBERT S. MOORE.

ALSO,

A VOICE FROM THE SUMMER LAND.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. J. DAVIS & CO.,

OFFICE, 274 CANAL STREET.

1866.

BF1311
.F2 D3
1866

CONTENTS.

1. DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE.
2. SCENES IN THE SUMMER LAND.
3. SOCIETY IN THE SUMMER LAND.
4. VOICE FROM JAMES VICTOR WILSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865,

By A. JACKSON DAVIS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
District of New Jersey.

DEATH AND THE AFTER-LIFE.

“Death is but a kind and welcome servant, who unlocks with noiseless hand life’s flower-encircled door, to show us those we love.”

I find myself somewhat embarrassed in speaking on a subject which, though it is not a stranger to human hopes and aspirations, is nevertheless quite foreign to most people’s habits of thinking, opposed to their educational bias, and which conflicts with popular methods of reasoning on the resurrection.

I find three classes of persons who have read, and studied, and investigated the truths of this discourse. One class of minds are prepared for many spiritual things that I do not feel impressed to utter on this occasion. I am to address more especially a second class who have heard a large variety of opinions expressed concerning this subject, and are favorably inclined towards it, yet who have no practical knowledge so far as the general question of immortality is concerned, and who are, therefore, in the rudiments of spiritual education respecting the processes of Death, and scenes in the After-life.

Then I find that there is in society a supercilious class—I might say a *super-silly* class, (if this is not a dictionary word, it ought to be,) who fancy and profess that they know *all*—a band of intellectual finishers—persons who have an unhappy conceit in the perceptive powers—that they are thoroughly “posted.” These

last named persons are accustomed to the newspapers, to the genteel Weeklies and orthodox Monthlies, and to the trans-Atlantic Quarterlies, but are not at all accustomed to think upon the spiritual, practical, and progressive questions discussed from the Harmonial platform. And yet these same persons have a conceit that they cannot be further informed. Every such mind has a social center, and will exert his or her magnetic influence upon others.

Now finding the public divided into these mental conditions, it becomes necessary that I should express something which would at least seem measurably familiar to the intuitions and religious education of the people. To speak upon a strange subject, and to describe scenes that are wholly transmundane, and to link such subjects and descriptions with nothing analogous or known, would, to many minds, be building a temple without any basis in either Nature or Reason, and hence, utterly imaginative and unprofitable. For this reason I shall speak to the world from the position of religious conviction and general experience, going on the supposition that all rational men are interested in questions pertaining to the life after death.

I begin by asking your attention to the Spiritualism of Paul—the most learned of the Apostles, who, in giving descriptions of death, said: “There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body;” not that there would be, but there *is* “a spiritual body.” Now there are individuals who think thus: “Paul says so; he is our authority; we do not question his testimony; but it is all a great mystery.” But the spiritual philosopher cheerfully and unprejudicially takes the testimony

of Paul, stands it by the side of the organized human being, and asks, "Is there a spiritual body?" Paul did not refer to something outside of human nature, but pointed to *facts* in the organization of persons in the world before him. The question is not whether Paul said it, but does Nature sustain the assertion? All truth must be in harmony with the perfect system of Nature.

There are persons everywhere who accept Paul's affirmation as final authority. There need be no controversy between Orthodoxites and Spiritualists on this question. We can shake hands over the subject; we can lock arms and walk together. If, with Paul, you believe that there positively is in each man's organism, not only a natural body, but also "a spiritual body," then you are as much committed to the fundamental teachings of Spiritualism as I am, and I am on this point no more of a Spiritualist than you Christians are, and henceforth we can happily "walk together," because we are "agreed" on the basis of a true spiritual philosophy. So far, then, we are friends.

But may I now ask your attention to some correlative questions which we inevitably encounter on the accepted basis of this spiritual reasoning? If, with Paul, we believe that there is a spiritual *body*, must we not also believe that there is something *inside* of that body? To believe differently, would be like saying that a jug is designed merely to have an outside and an inside, the inward space being filled with nothing. Most persons would ask "Is that all? Is the vessel not designed to *contain* something? Was it not made to hold, against all parts of its inward surfaces, some-

thing besides the interior of a jug? The thought of inventing and owning a jug merely for the purpose of holding a jug, is an imbecility. And it would not be less absurd to believe that the "spiritual body" is destitute of a more interior substance. A *body* is designed to hold something called "spirit."

If Paul was right, then he stood at least in the vestibule of that spiritual temple which we have entered and searched through and through. We have investigated and mapped down the "experience" with as much gratitude and truthfulness as can be found in any ancient Testaments. I make this affirmation with perfect calmness of pulse, and with no heat on my brain; and I know that I shall be ready at any time to reconsider reasons, uttered by persons who feel themselves not yet satisfied, why positions here taken may not be sound in science and philosophy.

Your attention is asked to the logical conclusion that, if there be a spiritual *body* in every man, as Paul said, there must be a fine invisible something treasured up within it. Let us see, now, if we can ascertain what that treasured "something" is.

Man is a triple organization. This fact is established in two ways—(1) by the concurrent observations of all seers, sensitives, and mediums, and (2) by the phenomenal developments of individual men and women. Man's external body is a casing, composed of the aggregate refinements of the grossest substances. We will name the physical body "iron," merely to give it a just classification and position in relation to mind and spirit. Next, we find that there is an intermediate organization—which Paul called the "spiritual body"—

composed of still finer substances, the ultimation of the coarser elements which make up the corporeal or "iron organization." The combination of the finer substances composing the *intermediate* or spiritual body, being so white and shining, may be called the "silver organization." The inmost, or *inside* of this silvery body, (which interior Paul definitely said nothing about,) is the immortal "golden image." I use the term "golden image," because that metal is just now exceedingly valuable in commerce, and goes directly to men's uppermost feelings and interests. Yes, a golden image! You cannot obtain it from stock-jobbers in Wall street. And yet it is there when you find yourself there; you may also see it deep down in the spiritual vault of a brother speculator; for whomsoever you meet, and wherever you meet, *that* person, like yourself, contains, against the lining surfaces of his spiritual body, the "golden image," which, let us thank the Eternal, *cannot be bartered away on 'Change!*

Paul did not directly speak of what we have been philosophically taught to call "the spirit." Fully persuaded am I that you cannot escape the conclusion that there must be something *within* the "spiritual body;" and, if so, you Christians might as well "agree" with our classification of the different parts of man, as to take any other. We call the inmost "spirit"—signifying the finest, the super-essential portion of man's nature, composed of "all impersonal principles," which flow from the Deific center of this glorious universe, taking a permanent residence *within* the spiritual body which they fill and exalt, just as the elements of the spiritual body live *within* this corporeal or "iron

organization," which is composed of mineral, vegetable, and animal atoms and vitalities.

Now you may be prepared to take some other steps in the path of spiritual discovery. What are they? Take care now where you step—because, if you are in reality a believer in Paul's authority, then you are on the high road to what is termed "Spiritualism." If you are not a Bible-receiver, then other reasonings and evidences will be necessary to promote your progress. Now, mark! If you be truly a receiver of Paul's beautiful spiritual statements (which we accept, not as revelations, but because they agree with the facts of the spiritual body,) then you stand upon so much of our platform as regards the philosophy that a *body* is a substance. No substance is no body. Nothing cannot exist. Existence and substance are convertible terms—one means and necessitates the other. Something—*i. e.* substance—always exists. If Paul was right, then the spiritual *body* is a fact not only, but it is a *substantial fact*! That is, the spiritual body is a substance—the under-fact, the "silver lining" of this physical and cloudy organism. If it be an under-fact—a real and substantial body—it is no fiction.

Now, let us take another step in this logical path. You accept that the spiritual body is a substance. But do you not know that *substance*, on the simple rules of science and philosophy, implies the associate properties of both *weight* and *force*. Substance cannot exist without *weight*, however inappreciable; and weight involves force, however fine and unimaginable to man's physical thought or touch. All this follows if Paul told the truth.

Now, take one more step. If the spiritual body be a *substance*, and if a substance possess the property of *weight*, it follows that such weight can never be moved without *force*. The finest substance, with the least weight, requires the highest force. This principle is plain and simple as the common school-boy's logic, and yet it supports the granite basis of the whole Harmonial Philosophy concerning "spirit," which the churches everywhere are stealthily accepting and promulgating as their own long-entertained doctrine of immortality!

If there be a spiritual body, which is a very attenuated substance, and if this imperceptibly fine substance have a delicate weight, and if *force* be required to move the aerial weight, then I ask "What will be your next and most important conclusion?" This is your next step: That a body so organized, so essentially substantial, and so inseparably linked with a fine force, must exist somewhere and occupy *space*! If any lawyer among you can escape this last conclusion, if any materialist can go through another orifice in logic, why, I am ready to "skedaddle" through the same remarkable opening. I want the "whole truth" as much as any one else can want it. Therefore, if you can make a philosophical retreat from this military line of logic, I will promise to throw down my arms and run with you.

Do not let the simplicity of the philosophy grow weak in your thoughts. If the spiritual body be anything, it is *something*; if something, it is *substantial*; if substantial, it occupies *space*; if it occupy space, then all of our revealments with reference to a "Summer-Land" in the bosom of Space, will be inseparable

from your convictions of probability. Thus while we are crushing and "pulverizing creeds" in God's mill of Progressive Truth, we do vastly more labor to secure the "fraternization of the spiritual affections of mankind."

Again let us look into the Apostle's logic. Paul says of the spiritual body, "Sown in dishonor"—in imperfection, in corporeal impurity—but "raised in glory." The familiar word "glory" means "brightness." Raised in brightness! Christians! Do you believe it? I believe it in my heart. Do you? Let us know who *is* the "infidel." I have an extensive reputation for being an *infidel* in the bad sense of the word. To me this reputation is very amusing; because I believe so *much*! Why, I am utterly discarded and disfellowshipped by the infidels of the old school. The foxes have more holes than I have pillows among the skeptics. But do not misapprehend my meaning. My whole soul shrinks from contact with sectarian Christians or with so-called Christian Spiritualists. Christians, so styled in the newspapers, are the most stupid in spiritual principles, and the most unmistakable materialists I have yet met with in society. Infidels, on the contrary, are accessible and decently fraternal. They can and will *think*, although they sometimes look very sullen and seem over-much disappointed, because they have been too long reasoning wrong end foremost—have logically consigned themselves to a total death when they lie down to die—and, of course, they unanimously consider that their long-cherished views are tenable and incontrovertible. Hence they reject Spiritualism. I have a friend, however, who, although

a confessed skeptic, said that, on the whole, he "guessed he would rather not be annihilated at death." "Why not?" I asked. With spontaneous simplicity he replied, that he was afraid he would "*regret it afterwards!*"

In that response I saw the inborn remonstrance, the intuitive protest, which the Divine source puts up through the human consciousness. Miserable, limping, materialistic logic can do nothing against Intuition. It does not want to be annihilated, because there is for it no such destiny. It conceives of it as possible only to what is ponderable and perishable. Converse with a sensualist to-morrow, or talk with persons who live a materialistic life, who are immersed in quadruped habits—ask them, and they seem to know nothing concerning "spirit" and the "After-Life," simply because they have not been awakened to the subject. But a true soul-born conversation invariably touches their organs of hope. I have never met men or women, though buried in the mud and mire of circumstances, but would, when spiritually and affectionately approached, respond like the strings of an *Æolian-harp*, to the doctrine that the "Summer-Land" belongs to them as much as to the finest, most respected, and most beautiful person on the globe.

The spiritual doctrine teaches that the inmost man is "a spirit," which flows through these nerve-sensations; which easily contracts and expands these sturdy muscles; which causes the blood to throb throughout the frame; which thinks and reasons; which feels better, nobler, and purer than the forms, forces, and things about it; which teaches the intellect and the heart to recog-

nize something *higher* than the fleeting circumstances to which it is harnessed, and by which it is constrained to assist in drawing the burdens of society. *That* is "spirit." It is the invisible presence of the Divine in the visible human. It is the only and all-sufficient Incarnation. Degradations and depravities never reach that which lives within the "spiritual body." Discords and great evils are arrested at the surface; they cling and adhere; they unhappily besmear, cover up, disfigure, and sometimes almost break down the citadel; but they never get inward far enough to kill the proprietor!

Let us not forget our major-proposition. If this human inmost be "spirit," (comparable to a golden image); if on the outside of this spirit there be a "body;" if this impalpable body be a "substance;" if this inter-affinitized substance require "force" to move it; if *space* be necessary for such a personality to exist in—then, I ask, why may there not be something *beautiful* in the idea of Death? Not dreadful and appalling, but really beautiful? Not heart-chilling, but truly genial and warming? Not annihilating, but uplifting and encouraging to every organ and function of the soul? If this spiritual doctrine be a fiction, then you are shut up to atheistical extinguishment when you lie down to die. But the opposite road is open before you. On this highway you meet your personal apotheosis; you rise up and expand; you go onward and Godward through the illimitable space; and you seek a Summer-Land—a place, in which to *be*! I have no ambition to make proselytes. It would not increase my private joys to have you believe my cherished

thoughts. Better be converted and guided by your own Reason and Intuitions.

The Apostle says there is a "terrestrial" and a "celestial." Do you believe it? I do; not, however, because Paul said it; but because I find it in the Book of Nature. "We are sown in corruption." Everybody's spirit knows that to be true. But at last the chemistry of death approaches and begins its work—then oxygen, and nitrogen, and hydrogen, and magnetism, and electricity, and the resultant heat, and all ponderables that make up our corporeal existence, bid "good-by" to each other—then the eyes sink back, and the outside senses are closed, and all the elements which formed the body bid "an eternal farewell." This is real experience. If we exclude the air, by placing the body in a hermetically-sealed encasement, you can bend over and look upon the yet undecomposed figure. That is all; nothing more. The confined atoms and elements have no further interest for each other. The pulseless hand is no longer extended to grasp yours; the once beaming eyes do not open; the ear will not again vibrate to your heart-stricken appeals or loving accents; the stiffened nose can no more feel the touch and enjoy the perfume of the favorite plant. Appalling silence! All is closed forever. What a spiritualizing and holy solemnity is that which pervades the chamber of Death! What a dark, fearful, haunted room is that where Death is—to those who know not this glorious Gospel of the After-Life!

But what a blessed roseate atmosphere fills all the heavenly spaces—from the death-room onward to Summer realms beyond the stars—to those who *know*

that this basis is established in God's truth! Such mediums and fortunate reasoners have *joy* and *peace* within. Their inmost hearts are filled with emotions of thanksgiving; and why? Because to the seer of spiritual truth, "Death is swallowed up in victory." The Spiritualist has nothing whatever to do with Death. He is emphatically alive—alive and happy throughout. Women and men past the "meridian of life," who receive these new spiritual teachings, are kindling and blooming up into youth again! They see that this pathway of truth is paved with perfectly beautiful scientific facts and doctrines—Progress, leading from man's inmost "spirit" to the Summer-Land.

And now, having disposed of these general considerations, I will tell you what *I have seen*. I will not give descriptions of phenomena from my supposition or imagination. I suppose that I need not repeat that I have had the peri-scope and clairvoyant ability to see through man's iron coating for the past fifteen years; neither need I again remark that, within the last twelve years, the result of the exercise of this faculty has come to be to me an "education." I have stood by the side of many death-beds; but a description of manifestations in one case will suffice for the whole.

I found that the physical body grew negative and cold in proportion as the elements of the spiritual body grew warm and positive. Suppose a human being lying in the death-bed before you. Persons present not seeing anything of the beautiful processes of the interior, are grief-stricken and weeping. This departing one is a beloved member of the family. But there, in the corner of the room of sorrow, stands one who sees

through the outward phenomena presented by the dying one, and what do you suppose is visible? To the outward senses the feet are there; the head on the pillow; and the hands clasped, out-stretched, or crossed over the breast. If the person is dying under or upon cotton, there are signs of agony, the head and body changing from side to side. Never allow any soul to pass out of the physical body through the agony of cotton or feathers either beneath or in folds about the sufferer.

Suppose the person is now dying. It is to be a rapid death. The feet first grow cold. The clairvoyant sees right over the head what may be called a magnetic halo—an ethereal emanation, in appearance golden, and throbbing as though conscious. The body is now cold up to the knees and elbows, and the emanation has ascended higher in the air. The legs are cold to the hips, and the arms to the shoulders, and the *emanation*, although it has not arisen higher in the room, is more expanded. The death-coldness steals over the breast, and around on either side, and the emanation has attained a higher position nearer the ceiling. The person has ceased to breathe, the pulse is still, and the emanation is elongated and fashioned in the outline of the human form! Beneath, it is connected the brain. The head of the person is internally throbbing—a slow, deep throb—not painful, but like the beat of the sea. Hence the thinking faculties are rational while nearly every part of the person is dead! Owing to the brain's momentum, I have seen a dying person, even at the last feeble pulse-beat, rouse impulsively and rise up in bed to converse with a friend, but

the next instant he was gone—his brain being the last to yield up the life-principles.

The golden emanation, which extends up midway to the ceiling, is connected with the brain by a very fine life-thread. Now the body of the emanation ascends. Then appears something *white* and *shining*, like a human head; next, in a very few moments, a faint outline of the face divine; then the fair neck and beautiful shoulders; then, in rapid succession, come all parts of the new body down to the feet—a bright, shining image, a little smaller than this physical body, but a perfect prototype or reproduction, in all except its disfigurements. The fine life-thread continues attached to the old brain. The next thing is the withdrawal of the electric principle. When this thread snaps, the spiritual body is free! and prepared to accompany its guardians to the Summer-Land. Yes, there is a spiritual body; it is sown in dishonor and raised in brightness.

There are persons in the room of mourning; they gather around; they close the sightless eyes, and friendly hands commence those final preparations with which the living consecrate the dead. The clairvoyant sees the newly-arisen spiritual body move off toward a thread of magnetic light which has penetrated the room! There is a golden shaft of celestial light touching this spiritual body near its head. That delicate chain of love-light is sent from above as a guiding power. The spiritual being is asleep—like a just-born, happy babe; the eyes are closed; and there seems to be no consciousness of existence. It is an unconscious slumber. In many cases this sleep is long; in others, not at all. The love-thread now draws the new-born

body to the outside door. A thought-shaft descends upon one who is busy about the body. This person is all at once "impressed" to open the door of the dwelling and to leave it open for a few moments. Or, some other door of egress is opened; and the spiritual body is silently removed from the house. The thread of celestial attraction gathers about and draws it obliquely through the forty-five miles of air. It is surrounded by a beautiful assemblage of guardian friends. They throw their loving arms about the sleeping one, and on they all speed to the world of Light! Clairvoyants and mediums see this; and they know it is true. Many are the witnesses to these celestial facts.

Again, I remind you that if there *is* a spiritual body, it must be *something*; if something, it must have an existence and a position somewhere in *space*; if in space, it must follow the laws of space, including *time*, and have a *relative* as well as an absolute consciousness.

At the battle of Fort Donelson I saw a soldier instantly killed by a cannon-ball. One arm was thrown over the high trees; a part of his brain went a great distance; other fragments were scattered about in the open field; his limbs and fingers flew among the dead and dying. Now what of this man's spiritual body? I have seen similar things many times—not deaths by cannon-balls, but analogous deaths by sudden accidents or explosions. Of this person whose body was so utterly annihilated at Fort Donelson, I saw that all the particles streamed up and met together in the air. The atmosphere was filled with those golden particles—emanations from the dead—over the whole bat-

tle-field. About three-quarters of a mile above the smoke of the battle-field—above all the “clouds that lowered” upon the hills and forests of black discord, there was visible the beautiful accumulation from the fingers and toes and heart and brain of that suddenly killed soldier. There stood the new spiritual body three-quarters of a mile above all the discord and din and havoc of the furious battle! And the bodies of many others were coming up from other directions at the same time; so that from half a mile to three and five miles in the clear, tranquil air, I could see spiritual organisms forming and departing thence in all directions. First the face, then the head, then the neck, then the shoulders and arms—the whole smaller than the natural body, but almost exactly like it—so that you could instantly recognize the form and features of your old friend, only you would say, “Why, James, how improved you are! You look brighter and more beautiful, don’t you? Your countenance has more quiet and love in it.” So entirely *natural* is “the spiritual body” which the good God has wisely planned and caused to rise out of this terrestrial filth and corporeal corruption!

The man so killed—what was his sensation? It was for the time suspended. To *him*, existence was nothing. Just think of the case. He was a healthy, stout, strong Illinois mechanic, who had bravely gone out with his loaded musket to do battle for the “Stars and Stripes” which shall *never* go down! His sudden death was to his consciousness what the hammer is to a piece of flint. If a hard flint is struck quick enough, it will fly into impalpable powder. If struck with less

speed, it would not be crushed nor destroyed. It is the *suddenness* of the stroke that surprises "cohesion" in the flint, as the cannon-ball for the moment annihilated the "sensation" of individuality in the man. Individuality usually returns, in cases of sudden death, after a few days in the homes of the Summer-Land. They are usually guided to some Brotherhood, to some Hospitalia, or to some open-armed Pavilion, and there they are watched and tenderly cared for, as are all who arrive from lower worlds. When the time approaches for the spirit's awakening, then celestial music, or some gentle manipulation, or the murmuring melody of distant streams, or something like breathing passes made over the sleeping one, causes "sensation" to return, and thus the new comer is introduced to the Summer-Land.

So Professor Webster was eight days and a half unconscious. You know that, in Leverett street jail-yard, in Boston, he was hung according to law and gospel. As soon as he was pronounced good enough to live, they legally and religiously killed him. The *sudden* concussion struck to the soul of the strong, healthy man, and he was instantly jerked out of his individual consciousness. For days he was spiritually watched. I was at the time stopping at the Brattle House, in Cambridge. Mount Auburn was my daily walk; the only academy, the only college I sought in which to learn these lessons. I went thither every day. I witnessed the execution of Professor Webster; yet I was not personally present. I saw the organization of his spiritual body in the air, and watched its ascension. I saw his situation every day between the hours of ten and twelve.

I wish now to call your attention to the arrival and appearance of different persons in the Summer-Land. We find on investigation that all the inhabitants of the immortal Spheres were born on Earth, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, and upon the other planets which have gone through the process of geologic growth.

Spirits themselves nearly all refer to terrestrial beginnings. But spirit itself is only manifested; it never came out of terrestrial sources. Spirit, *per se*, is the universal, ever-present truth. The *organization* of the spiritual body is another question, which may come up for consideration on another occasion.

It is a well-ascertained fact that persons always take places in the Summer-Land in accordance with their moral *status*, and not in accordance with their intellectual tastes, inclinations, or social condition. Place *there* is always a question of morals—that is whether the person has been, or is, spiritually loyal to Truth, Justice, and Liberty, and the divine laws that regulate social relations on the higher planes of being; or whether the person has, by circumstances, or by the impulse of organization, been unfaithful to principles, and *particeps criminis*; or whether he is really innocent, having been the victim of a combination of unpropitious circumstances, or a sufferer from the fortuitous concourse of physical and spiritual accidents. In either case, the moral *status* determines the position and gravitation of the person in the Summer-Land. It is found that persons who go there with memories of conscious wrong-doing, carry with them just so much gravitation—so much personal density and moral darkness, and persons who have committed involuntary

wrong, although partly as the victims of others, yet have the same density; but they do not suffer from the *internal oppression* which the other feels as a part of his own conduct.

The accusing angel, is Memory. The theory that all people will sometime go before the bar of God, and that there is a systematic heavenly tribunal, is the sheerest fancy of a materialistic theology. Both God and Nature are with you at all times. The interior principle of Justice, whether you know it or not, is the ever-present "bar of God" at which you are arraigned and tried, and deathless Memory is "the accusing angel." It gives you the document setting forth your exculpation; or else it explains to you, beyond controversy, the all-sufficient grounds for your condemnation.

The Summer-Land is vastly more beautiful than the most beautiful landscape of earth. Celestial waters are more limpid, the atmosphere more soft and genial, the streams are always musical, and the fertile islands there are ever full of meanings. The trees are not exotics. The birds are literally a part of the celestial clime, every one having its lesson of divine significance. That which is nothing to an idiot is a great deal to an intelligent man. That is true in common things on earth, and it is true to a wondrous degree in heaven.

When a person enters there by suicide or by murder, whether legal or illegal, or however else he may be introduced, the question is not, *how* he came there, but *what* brought him? A man who was not strong enough to keep another from doing him a wrong—to say nothing of one who was not strong enough to keep

from doing a deliberate wrong to others) is a subject of philanthropic care-takings and discipline. According to the heavenly code I ought to have something more than the power to be loyal to Justice and Right. I must be strong enough to keep any brother from injuring me, and that without ever lifting a physical weapon before him. My spirit should keep *from harm* the soul of my brother who may be yet encased in bad circumstances, and moved by a propulsive organization.

In the Summer-Land these delicate ideas and finely-shaded moral distinctions are recognized. And you will find yourself under a new Government—a God-code, instead of the laws of earthly Judges and Legislators. You will be surprised, and yet, most likely, you will say, “It is about as I had supposed.”

Religionists are highly astonished because they are not taken immediately into the presence of the great Jehovah, or cast down in the low places where they fry souls in cheap brimstone. Some people who have been in the Summer-Land for years are still prayerfully expecting that the “great day of judgment” will come, and that they will either be “caught up” to a higher glory, or “snatched down” to some lower depth. When these persons communicate to mediums, they teach the notions of orthodoxy, even in the old Calvinistic and perpendicular style, and you would be constrained to exclaim—“What contradictions! Am I to believe in Spiritualism when the mediums tell all sorts of contradictory things?” And popular newspaper men say: “These Spiritual things should have no conflict in them.” “Spirits should understand their own world as accurately as earthly minds understand

common affairs." So says my political friend Horace Greeley, and so say others who reason in that superficial way. Now, look at earthly reports about the details of this war! Behold what contradictions!

Is it reasonable to demand universal sameness? Is it natural to suppose that the man who went up from Africa, and the native of Turkey should each report from the next Sphere exactly what an American would who died the day before yesterday, with all the twists and advantages of education in his memory? Same-ness is what men demand who call themselves "reasonable!"

The point now is, the evils of general society and the evils of individual passion, the unclean spirits and human demons, originate in the mud and mire of outward circumstances and hereditary organization. These mold and fashion mankind according to their own image and likeness. Sweet and good circumstances, however thickly they may cluster about, amount to almost nothing to a bad mental organization. I have heard worldly men say that they would be happy if they could have *this* and *that*—carpets, flowers, pictures, fast horses, and a great house in the city. Such men have something wrong in the head. They were born in bankruptcy and social discord. Society, to such persons, is merely a fleeting rush and a momentary flutter. "Circumstances" do not much control such characters, because their fathers and mothers gave them propulsive mental organizations, which no combination of circumstance has yet been able to fashion into better shapes. But this discord in character simply *adheres*; it does not *inhere*; hence on this point we

differ with the whole religious world. Modern liberal clergymen are almost with us. Total depravity has gone down in the market, notwithstanding all the city evils and the tremendous civil war. There is scarcely a minister who will reaffirm the old doctrine of Baxter, Calvin, and John Knox. They get quietly over it. They somehow feel ashamed of having accused "the golden image!" It looks like an unprovoked slander against the finest piece of work that ever came from the heavens to mankind. I do not wonder that clergymen are "ashamed" of total depravity. They will presently be ashamed of many other things.

We hold that these evils, these errors, these sins which arise out of the abdomen, from the region of physical phrenology, from the region of conditions, and out of social circumstances, will increase the spirit's gravitation beyond the grave. By your *status* you elect yourself at death to the *place* where you will be at home—be it good, bad, or indifferent—you will be in your own proper and congenial "place," as are the fishes in the water and the birds in the air. If you feel mentally satisfied, like the sightless fish in the Kentucky cave, to dwell amid truths without eyes, the good Father and Mother will have no objection. So in the Summer-Land, where there are infinitely more truthfulness and freedom. If a spirit choose to be foolish, there is no arbitrary law against his choice. But, ever and anon, he comes under the genial influences of celestial teachers, and thus, slowly, he is brought out from his interior hiding-places, and his mind is at last fully awakened. Randall's Island, near this cit , gives

off youthful candidates who receive the attentions of very sweet and beautiful celestial missionaries.

Happiness very slowly comes to one who persists in the states of discord. Beautiful music, the fragrance of flowers, the luxurious melody of singing birds, and the musical voices of many waters, come only when you internally *deserve* them. Ten thousand years may pass before one's internals are sufficiently pure and bright. Some will find on their spirit-surfaces a shadow, a feeling of unrest, and an appearance of nebulous blackness. And there are persons in the Summer-Land who have an atmosphere surrounding their spiritual bodies that similar characters would be ashamed to wear in this world. It is all the logical consequence of wrong and evil conditions in which the persons lived and died. But there is no despair among the leaders and members of the celestial Brotherhoods.

Of these, and concerning domestic scenes in the After-life, I shall hereafter speak.

SCENES IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

"In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you."

It does not as yet seem to be a part of human belief that the race should make progress as rapidly, as broadly, as completely in spiritual realities as in science and the common concerns of a very common world. The idea generally prevails that the race must repose on "faith," and stand eternally still in all matters pertaining to the mysteries of God, while it is esteemed right to grow and improve in all things else and in all other directions. This subtle absurdity has crawled all the way through every creed in the religious world.

All progress in science and general education within the last century points toward the discovery and disclosures of the Summer-Land. All the important and refining sciences, which verge on the spiritual, have come up within the last quarter of a century. Our navigators have within the last hundred years plowed through all the seas of the globe, have sought knowledge of the obscure, sequestered rivers, in remotest countries, and many of them have returned to tell us faithfully of their scenes and experiences. Only now and then a man has fallen upon the altar of discovery. Every such spirit has been carried through the North-West passage to a world of grander dimensions. The interiors of the earth have been evoked. In answer to

practical prayers they have divulged their arcana, and their inmost secrets have become our every-day facts, "familiar as household words." Great mountains have been scaled, and distant heavenly planets have been measured; the expansiveness and perfections of the universe, above us and around, have been searched and mapped by our astronomers; and the familiar "sun" has been induced to become party to the finest pencilings, so that when we stand before the photographic magician, coming within the field of his camera and at the focus of his mystic glass, we seem to be facing a supernatural realm. The light instantly projects a shadow, paints your picture, and perchance also that of a departed friend, on the susceptible surface of an insensate plate. Thus all human progress in the imitative, in the speculative, and in the absolute, demonstrate the practicability of further discoveries with reference to the great future home of the spirit. We find, in searching history, that human nature has been blessed, ever and anon, with inspirations that convey the elements and rudiments of truths that bloom in higher degrees of life. Instead, therefore, of rejecting the germs of mythology or the teachings of poetry, we are learning rapidly to receive them as essentially significant. Instead of impoverishing ourselves by a ruthless rejection of the multitudinous productions in the art, and science, and poetry, and music of the past, we secure to ourselves great opulence by learning that human genius, in every age, when at the moment of its incubation, projects the germs and foregleams of great truths which live beyond the tomb; so that poetry and music more especially, and the singing of beautiful birds, and the

breathings of flowers, and the loving songs of laughing rivulets—and the great thoughts that come pouring into your ideality from these sturdy and grave mountains—all enter into the rudiments of that higher education which is designed to be completed beyond the stars.

I affirm, therefore, that there is no absolute imagination—that a total falsehood is an impossibility; that the finest imagination is, in its spiritual essence, the nearest approach to an actual truth. However grotesque, however absurd, yet divest the inspiration of absurdity and grotesqueness, and lo! you find the sweetest whispering of the eternal God.

If you will permit me to speak with reference to myself, I will say that I have never read a poet in my life; not, I think, more than three pages of any such writings. (I have had an object in this.) But I do not expect that this will be true of me eight or ten years hence; for I now intend to cultivate some acquaintance with the externals of these inspirations. For, as I grow, I desire more and more to know, in the external, what the great writers and thinkers of the world have done; and already I feel grateful for what I have interiorly seen and clairvoyantly learned in the great human sphere about me. I have not read "The Epic of the Starry Heavens," by the imaginative and inspired Harris, fearing that, should I read his production, it might enter into my memory, and thus become a portion of some subjective apprehensions or objective visions of the future.

As many of you know, I have had a peculiar experience; and it is well for a moment, in justice to what I shall hereafter say, to allude to it. There is positively

no imagination in what I shall disclose, but I leave the philosophy and the science of the experience to some future occasion. My reason for affirming that it is not imagination is, that I started with the conviction that the kingdom of heaven was a beautifully walled-up city, paved with gold, with a vast throne in it somewhere; on the topmost throne the great "Father" and Creator of men, to the right the "Son," and on the opposite side the "Holy Ghost;" while in the front, and all around, extending as far back as the limited population of the "saved" could extend—an amphitheater with no galleries, but all part of one immensely great proscenium; and that the enjoyments and occupations of the saints and saintesses consisted in an everlasting Methodist protracted meeting! No eating, no sleeping, no drinking, no amusements; but praying and singing; next singing and praying again; and lastly, just for a change of the programme, *praying and singing!* While over the parapets, near the resplendent embattlements of the golden wall, one could see rolling and curling up, not the torment of the condemned segar-smokers merely, but the accumulated black clouds of unmitigated misery from the over-populated regions of the "Devil and his angels"!

I think this orthodox picture, or something akin, has been in your thoughts many times. This notion was started early with me. But when the time came to pass into the "interior" by the inductions of the magnetic process, my thoughts soon changed. Very rapidly I lost all interest in everything that I had heard on the subject of religion; and thus I remained, not desiring to acquire further external knowledge.

This condition lasted for some four years. At length the time came to divulge, in book form, what had been accumulated by the visions of clairvoyance. Clairvoyance is the mind's telescopic-power of bringing distant objects close to the mind—a positive and perfectly certain faculty—a natural power of bringing the details of a distant scene as near as the flowers in the garden just beyond the window. However distant it seemed at first, the object or scene could be, by cultivation of the faculty, brought so near as to invite your footsteps. At length I became *proprietor*, so to say, of this cerebro-telescopic faculty, which before had only been loaned to me for occasional use, as by an artificial process. When I came into full and intelligent possession of this mental instrument, then began a series of private visional experiments, which I have continued from 1847 to the present time.

And now a word concerning my habits with reference to these things—for my physical methods, I think, have a direct and important bearing upon the question. Whenever I wish to obtain these visional results by voluntary telescopic clairvoyance, I do not seek opium or hasheesh; neither Arabian, Hebrew, Bohemian, or Gipsy incantations; nor do I clog my digestive organs, nor highly stimulate my nerves; but there comes (as Daniel expresses it,) a period of “fasting,” and of constant, though not over-urgent desire. Sometimes I have been obliged to continue this from four to six weeks before my nerve-system was perfectly still, my blood cool, my senses indifferent to the outer world. Then I could concentrate the perceptive faculties and bring into action all the requisite organs, and, under

the control of intuition, direct them upon remote earthly objects or scenes super-terrestrial. If I had taken for food what is called a "generous diet," or habitually engaged in these mental exercises at night, I should in either case have distrusted my discoveries. But I almost never have such an experience as a *dream*.

I never attempt to get visions in the night, "when deep sleep falleth upon men." My exercises, on the contrary, are between six o'clock in the morning and twelve o'clock of the same day. If I do not obtain my clairvoyant or other experiences during those hours, they do not come that day; for I do not then seek them. But if the spirit-way is widely opened, and I am warmed and made enthusiastic by what I have seen during those hours, and feel, in my enthusiasm, that the after part of the day would be a luxurious gratification if it were similarly appropriated, I always say to myself, as a law, "Thus far, and no farther; never infringe upon the afternoon or night." Consequently I do not write anything, or dream anything, or think anything of great consequence, during the after portions of the day; but live in a common social way from twelve o'clock, M., to six o'clock on the following morning. This has been my mental and clairvoyant habit for years. I have found it to be an orderly, cool, philosophical, successful way of getting the best results, the largest amount of spiritual happiness, and the true secret of keeping free and healthy and young in heart and body and head. I can truthfully say that it has required more self-control to repress the waves of heavenly joy and enthusiastic happiness that have rolled through my mind, and the effort has more taxed my

mental powers, than have all the disappointments and inevitable trials which have come to me in the course of my history. Sometimes I have been powerfully tempted to indulge the state of clairvoyance a little too long; but never have been able to sustain, with profit and happiness, more than *three* hours of such occult investigations and exalted contemplations. During those mysterious hours, however, I have acquired facts and knowledge of things that would make an extensive volume, even if written out in the fewest and poorest words; and yet, when attempting to record the scenes and facts from memory, the expression would be the coarsest shell—the mere physical precipitation—of the spiritual realities that were thus born in the mind—beautiful scenes and great principles struggling through the incarcerations of language to come in contact with the memories and to become part of the judgment of my fellow-men yet in the ordinary condition. I mention these things simply because they are psychological facts, and should have important bearings upon the general question of bodily and mental habits in connection with the exercises of the mind.

I have met persons who said to me, “Why, Mr. Davis, are you not *all the time* conscious of the presence of the spiritual world?” And my answer has been, “No; I could not be and live.” Others have asked, “Are you not personally and frequently in contact with spiritual beings?” And I have replied, “No. I could not be frequently in contact, and yet keep physically healthy and be mentally able to attend to the ordinary duties of my life.” And again some ask: “Are you not constantly and consciously associated with ideas,

and thinking of great principles?" And others seem to think that I should appear uniformly abstract, and look ghostly, like the last remains of an evangelical minister. Far from all these opinions are the facts; for I very substantially feel my feet within my boots, and my bodily sensations are strictly normal—are as solid and natural as those of any person in this assemblage, and I am generally free from disease and abnormal conditions.

And yet my cerebro-telescopic experiences of the super-mundane world have been an unbroken epic—the grandest spiritual poem! Indeed, it may not be safe to contemplate the celestial picture in its boundless affluence. For now, while reverting in memory to these things, I feel a *heat* gathering on the brain and quickening the thoughts, like one who has realized the focal concentration of the rays of immortal light, and felt their sublime breathings upon and within every fiber and faculty of his spirit.

I will speak to you, therefore, as an *observer* to-night, and not as a "Seer." I will give you, in my own way, an account of things and places seen beyond the stars. Bayard Taylor would in like manner testify (though I shall not, perhaps, be able to use as good language as he) concerning his travels and discoveries in foreign climes. I shall discourse to you somewhat as does Von Humboldt in his *Cosmos*, giving you accounts of great mountains and valley scenes, of streams traced to their sources, of distant lands and temperatures, of different peoples, climates, and soils. And what I shall relate is as strictly in harmony with the facts of science, with the laws of philosophy, and the

developments of astronomy; and I hold myself ready to reconcile what I may utter to-night with all scientific and philosophical discoveries in astronomy, or in chemistry, or in the laws of light or color, or in the nature of substances, or in the secrets of growth, or in the properties of material organization; for I do not think that spiritual truth is irreconcilable, incompatible, or out of harmony with the real laws and discoveries of science. I will leave all this, however, for another time and more fitting occasion.

The Summer-Land is a world every way as actual as this. If you had clairvoyance enough to see *into* a person when very sick, and observe when the process of recuperation begins, and if you could also understand what is really meant by "recuperation," then you would instantly obtain a philosophical conception of how the Summer-Land could be developed. I believe all educated physicians know (at least all spiritual physicians receive the incontrovertible doctrine) that what we term the "physical substances" which make up the physical avoirdupois of the body, are exuded, so to express it—fabricated and emitted from the innermost of the nervous system—put out from *within*, and not laid on from without; that when a person is recuperating from disease (all day-exercises and bodily wastings result in disease, or in broken-down blood and tissue which sleep removes,) there is always a thoughtlessness of the brain and also a perfect stillness in the voluntary organs. Only in such moments is the nervous system under the recuperating and up-building action of the innermost. In such moments of physical repose, the spirit, working through the life of the nerves, makes

and multiplies the *tissues*, out of which the strong and heavy parts come. The tissues are built up out of the invisible life of the nervous system. But what makes the nervous system? These physical physicians can trace the nerves. But there is some hidden principle *within* the nerves, *within* the electricity and dynamic life of the nerves, *within* the mellow magnetism which covers the fine electricity—something *within* everything in you that is human and interior—a principle of recuperation known only by the *power* you feel, and by the occasional sense of immensity in your personal existence! This hidden principle lies sequestered in your least nerves, in your finest points of life and sensation. It gives you all your prodigious power of will. From it flow all your moral feelings. It throbs through all parts of your being; it cleaves through its magnetic and electrical vestures, acts on the nerves, out-breathes and condenses the tissues, and ultimately and successively elaborates all the physical organs which make up the corporeal system.

Now, the principle of growth is identical with the unfoldment of the Summer-Land. I do not wish to detain you upon this point, but merely desire to fix your thoughts on the terrestrial dynamics of the planets. Terrestrial magnetisms, terrestrial electricities, and whatever else men call “imponderables,” constitute the nervous system of this physical universe. The universal nervous system holds the same relation to matter as the nervous system of the spirit to the physical parts of the body. Every physician knows that the first beginning of a human being is a *point* of nerve wrapped up in matter. This point of nerve is the starting-point of

life. Next come the tissues, the fine thickness on the outside, then the blood begins to flow, and so on, more and more concrete, until the full equipped outer body itself is formed and ready for parturition.

The spiritual world is made from life-points sent out from the chemical coalitions of the planets. Thus the Summer-Land becomes a literal truth in harmony with the nervo-astronomy of the universal system.

It may seem to your imaginations that this spiritual world is afar off—that it must be a vast and remote existence, because astronomers have not peered into it. But it is my belief that astronomers, with their physical instruments, will, one of these fortunate future days, recognize the Summer-Land, and I believe, furthermore, that astronomers will see landscapes and physical scenes there more clearly than those vague images which are now revealed through telescopes, as existing upon the moon and different rolling stars.

No, the spirit-world is not remote. We move every moment in its presence. This earthly planet itself rolls in its orbit under the observation of the inhabitants of the Spirit-Land. The vast includes the little. The Summer-Land is the comprehensive sphere. Astronomically speaking, the earth is on one side of that vast galaxy of suns and planets termed “the milky-way,” and directly across this great physical belt of stars, we find the sublime repose of the Summer-Land; and this is but the receptacle of the immortal inhabitants who ascend from the different planets that belong to our solar system. These planets all have celestial rivers which lead from them toward the heavenly shores. As each organ in the human body holds its physical rela-

✓

tion to the brain by means of nerves and blood-rivers, so these different planets in the physical universe hold a currental, magnetic, and electrical relation to the Summer-Land, which corresponds to the brain. How is it that strength rises to the brain of a man from what he eats? It is by means of circulation. And this circulation is regulated by the law of attraction and repulsion? How do spirits travel from these physical globes to their homes in the Summer-Land, and reversely, from the Summer-Land to persons and places on the planets?

Answer : By circulation. And here, too, magnetic river-circulation is regulated by attraction and repulsion! Thus the analogy may be extended *ad infinitum*.

I did not particularly notice until 1853, that different seasons of the year, and different positions of our planet in its orbit around the sun, yield a different clairvoyant vision of the Summer-Land. I found that an observation made in mid-winter afforded a very different aspect of the Spirit-World from that which would be obtained in May, July, or November; and furthermore, in the same year, I first noticed that the *condition* of the observer made a difference in what was visible; therefore it became necessary to adopt methods and conditions which would enable the clairvoyant to mark the particular *sections* of the Summer-Land that came within the range of vision in accordance with the different months of the year. From that time to this, I have been regulated by the discovery that the rolling of this terrestrial planet, in its orbit around the sun, affects the sweep of the clairvoyant sight in many in-

stances, furnishing unexpectedly a new conception of a familiar scene, and bringing to light other territories in the heavens before unknown. The Spirit-Land has a firmament. It is circular, and its vast firmament is filled with stars, suns, and satellites. It rolls in the blue immensity. The sky there is not without its clouds. They change very much like the clouds of our tropics; yet they do not much resemble them. The changes are like those in southern skies; but the clouds themselves are very different.

Among my first observations in the direction of the Spirit-Land, I discerned a river which seemed to flow across the open aerial space and pour into the far distant bosom of that heavenly world. It was a river made of various streams that flowed out from planets, which blended and widened and expanded into a great sea, and thus became the flowing element of perfect beauty in the land of spirits. That celestial river is as visible to the clairvoyant perception as the Hudson, the East River, or any other water that can be seen by the natural eye on the globe. It flows away far beyond any distance that I have power to trace. It seemed like a celestial Gulf Stream, "but whither it goeth I know not." I only know that it is one of the sources of unutterable melody. It seems to give out music from all its variegated margins, and to yield lessons also, because on several occasions, vast congregations were visible on the shores, learning something beautiful concerning its harmonious sounds. What they learned I cannot tell. I only saw that after listening and conversing and reposing for an hour (or what seemed to me to be that length of time,) they rose all at once;

they seemed to be many thousands—a vast assemblage—and then also arose their songs, and those songs, blending with the music of that wonderful water, seemed to me to fill the whole universe with melody! So full of joy was my heart that I lost all spiritual power either to see or hear; and so suddenly did I return to the common state that I could not but ask the person who just then entered the room, whether he had heard that *music*! “No,” he replied. “Indeed!” said I. “Didn’t you hear anything?” “No.” So real and so distinct was the sound I could scarcely believe my friend’s denial.

In 1854 I had an opportunity, for the first time, to contemplate a celestial garden. It was unlike anything I had ever seen in this world. The Garden of the Hesperides, of which we dream, only vulgarly represents the beautiful fact. When I saw the immense landscape and the innumerable beauties that come up from the soil, and the labyrinth of leafage which gathered upon the vision to the right of the scene, I could not but ask, “Will some one tell me the extent?” After a few moments a cerebro-telegraphic dispatch came into the mind, whispering distinctly, “It would reach from here to Scotland—near four thousand miles in length—five hundred miles in width.” It seemed to be a far-extending avenue of flowers and beautiful trees, and there seemed no limit to the number of persons that were walking leisurely, lovingly, arm-in-arm; and oh! the thousands of beautiful children that were at play through the devious labyrinths of that vast heavenly park!

Now let us reason for a moment. Christians be-

lieve, or profess to believe, that, "In our Father's house are many mansions." This faith is based in reality, or else it is false, and there is, or there is not a mansion or a house "eternal in the heavens." Is that Scriptural language figurative, or is it literal? Does it mean anything? You, who so strenuously believe the Bible, say that I am an infidel. But I now ask you who is the infidel? Your Christian poetry says:

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

Now I ask every professed Christian, Do you stand prepared to repudiate the fact affirmed in your poetry? Who is infidel to-night? Your highest authority in the Church and in the Bible said, "In my Father's house are many mansions." He said also that *that* house was built without hands. Do you believe it? Do you believe anything on the subject? If you do, then you have at least the *rudiments* of an education which you ought to have perfected by this time into some reasonable comprehension of what the Father has, "without hands," spanned out for you beneath the unfolded heavens.

But to return. In the trees of that vast celestial Park I heard the songs of birds, such as I had not heard from any species of birds in this world. In 1855 the songs of these birds first caught the clairaudent ear. This power of hearing, superadded to the telescopic, gave all the more perfection and actualness to the observation. These birds resemble, to some extent, the birds of this planet under the equator. In plumage,

however, they were unlike. I saw celestial birds that excluded all rays except the *yellow*. They were singularly, wonderfully yellow—quite different from the hue of the canary. It seemed as though composed of yellow crystalline air. I could see the nervous systems of these birds—their whole physical interior—they were so transparent. They were, I observed, swift in their flight. I also saw a bird which excludes all rays save that of *blue*, and that looked like a diamond cut out of pure, ethereal immensity. I never could have imagined anything so marvelously expressive of pure, immense, heavenly love! This particular bird was a representative, I saw, of universal private affection. The yellow bird was also a representative. It had a great meaning—the mellower affection which comes from wisdom. The songs of these birds echoed from the Concilium—a place where minds who had gathered from the past, occasionally meet as in a Brotherhood for deliberations.

I inquired concerning the flowers, of which there were innumerable varieties, different from any that I had seen on earth, except one, which somewhat resembled the violet. All others were new and wonderful. There were also curious vines that grew all over very lofty trees; instead of leaves, the vines gave out countless throbbing flowers. Each corolla pulsed like a harp, and when I looked more intimately and carefully, I saw that every flower *seemed* to be conscious that it was part of a Divine life and plan.

Along the River, of which I first spoke, I saw what appeared to be *grasses*, but they were not such as I have seen on earth, and yet they were emanations from the

heavenly soil. They were what might be termed mossy-grasses, but the fibers were silken, and reflected the rainbow-colors of the diamond. The exquisitely fine fibers, composing the mossy grasses along the margin of the aerial Gulf Stream, gave off a *purple* brilliancy which was mellowed softly down, until it seemed to lose itself in a sort of atmospheric immensity of its own! As I gazed, it seemed to blend and lose itself within *innumerable seas of color*! I have tried to get some repetition of the effect of that color by visiting our Galleries of Painting; but I have seen nothing like it on canvas in the pictures of any earthly artist. Church's "Heart of the Andes"—the deep, rich, immense colors of the Cordilleras, and the infinite repose expressed in the marvelous depths of that picture—seem to be the merest physicalism compared with that which, in 1855, was first reflected upon the cerebro-telescopic eye! And then, to make sure, twice in that year it was sought and seen again, and also several times since; and in every instance it only became more perfect, different only in additions—no disappearing, no transformations, no "shifting scenes."

Sometimes I have visited the scenic transformations, as exhibited in the New York theaters. I once went to Laura Keane's, to see if I could, by witnessing the representation of fairy lands, &c., get something like a hint of that better country. The display was unsatisfactory, though brilliant and successful. In those dramatic representations of spirits, and in attempted supernatural exhibitions on the stage, I have never seen anything at all to be compared with what is positive reality in the other world. The dissolving views, which

are exhibited on the stage as best illustrations of the spiritual, I have never seen in the Spirit-Land. The magical opening and closing of flowers, for example, and spirits coming out of unfolding plants, and the elves and little sprites which are dramatically represented, as in the myths and superstitions of Ireland and of the ancient Britons, are nothing like the permanent representations of the Spirit-World. Flowers never magically open there, and plants do not give off little human beings. I never saw trees changing their location or leafage; never saw anything that looked like transmutation or enchantment; but instead, solid, sturdy life and progressive growth in the "house not made with hands."

There is an Island, which I first saw distinctly in 1857. I was in Buffalo at the time. I found by conversing with a Brother who had gone there—James Victor Wilson—that they called it the Island of Akropanamede. It takes its name from the purposes to which it is devoted. It is situated in a very vast body of what would be called "water" in the earth-land. There is a spring on that island which they call "Porilleum," and there is a beautiful cluster of springs some distance to the west which they name "The Porilla;" and every one of these springs gives off exceedingly sweet musical sounds, which are full of unutterable significance. Those harmonious notes blend with the streamlets which lose themselves in a beautiful river that flows along by the flowery paths of the Hospitalia. This name is given to one of the temples where persons who had become attached to some particular thing in this world, so that it had become an infatuation with

them, are taken to be cured. It is one of the many attractive sanitary temples of reform on that beautiful Island. The infatuation of a person is named "Toleka." When a person from earth has an infatuation so strong as to preclude his taking interest in anything else, he is invited to these springs and to the temples. The teacher-physicians who are appointed on that Island are called "Apozea." I never heard or saw such words before, and do not know whether they correspond with any earthly language. I obtained the orthography of the words from Brother Wilson, who pronounced them over and over again in my listening ear. [See end of this pamphlet.] There are many spirit-physicians on the Isle of Akropanamede.

In a very different portion of the Spirit-Land, seen in the year 1856, I saw an island called "Rosalia," which is a region of great splendor in the midst of islands of less attractiveness. On that island dwelt persons who had never lived upon the planet Earth. It was said that there were on that attractive spot persons who were from the just maturing planets of Mercury and Venus. The description of that island, which I cannot now give in detail, would interest you, since it was so different from everything else that was then visible.

One of the attractive islands near Rosalia is called "Batellos," because some educated Greeks sought its retirements, soon after their arrival in the Spirit-Land, as a suitable place to celebrate the advent on earth of Plato's doctrine of the Deity, including his theory of "Ideas."

"Poleski" is an island, seen for the first time in

1857, situated in another part of the Spirit-Land. It is frequently visited by former inhabitants of this earth, especially those who are still searching for "ancient wisdom," and who believe not at all in the theories and education of the moderns. They think that God's truth must be learned from those who lived in the remote past. To such that island is a favorite haunt—not the "haunt of Poets," but of those who still seek for wisdom through ancient views and old opinions.

There is another island called "Alium," intimately related to the one just mentioned, where certain ancients went to form themselves into a Brotherhood, composed of persons who were born long prior to the origin of the Old Testament.

"Lonalia" is the name of an island, seen for the first time by me in 1859, which is inhabited by young persons from the earth who died as Orphans. On this heavenly spot they are introduced to those who are their parents in spirit, but of whom they were not always physiologically born on earth. In this behold a mystery.

In the Spirit-Land countless families are visible. It seems that certain spirits are even more gregarious than are people in this world. Many have strong attachments of consanguinity at first, and then, forgetting or losing such earthly attachments, they seem to dwell, like old persons, in memories, and particularly enjoy revelations from and conversations with those who have lived in the Spirit-Land for many centuries.

If you should get a communication from any one of these spirits, telling you that he lived in a particular house, in a certain street, you might be considerably

misled, because, although they live in the Spirit-World, and in plain sight of this earth, yet they believe in memory only, and do not take interest in present actual things and circumstances.

The royal circle of the Foli is a Brotherhood very much resembling our American Shakers. On one occasion it was observed that the members of this Brotherhood corresponded in spirit and faith with the Shaker communities, and that these were really baptized thus with the presence of what men call the Holy Ghost, making them feel more deeply assured that they were right in religious and communal matters. From this circumstance you see that people after death do not become instantly endowed with wisdom and freedom. The Spirit-World, in short, is just like this world, on a higher plane.

There is a temple called the "Concilium," which, I believe, means the temple of affectionate thought and practical wisdom. In this Concilium are frequently and mostly heard the voices of women. They believe and teach principles different from those peculiar Greeks who gathered upon the distant islands. In this temple very cultured spirits assemble for the purpose of acquiring information concerning what is *best* to accomplish upon the planet Earth, or upon Mars, or Jupiter, or Saturn—for all these planetary populations need to be frequently visited—and there, in that beautiful temple, are gathered the wisdom, intuition, affection, hopes, love, poetry, and music, of multitudes of the sweetest, happiest, truest, most earnest and philanthropic women that have lived on the planet Earth. These women,

with their companions, gather there occasionally for information and deliberation.

There is a class of persons in the Spirit-World who are great travelers. They are almost like our gipsies. They form themselves into affinitive groups, and, harmonizing with the circulating rivers between the different planets, go on protracted journeys through innumerable scenes, and do not return to their pavilions for many years. Katie, my former companion, came to me, (as reported in the "Penetralia,") and said that she was then to start upon a journey; she knew not whither, nor when she would return, and she immediately began the journey, and has not yet returned, or I should have heard from her. She had joined the group of excursionists, without knowing whither they were going.

Mothers have inquired to know concerning their little ones; whether children born before perfect maturity become persons in the Summer-Land. It is found that infants born from six to eight weeks before Nature's time, continue on in the Spirit-World, slowly and surely acquiring the personal growth they would have attained had they lived in the body the full number of years. Mothers, therefore, who go to the Spirit-World to meet their little darlings, must be somewhat intuitive to know and recognize the child that was spirit-born without a moment's earthly life. Again, there are women who have had many children, who have, nevertheless, *never been mothers!* I was amazed when first I learned this, and I looked into the subject day after day, and persistently inquired with the greatest particularity, in order to ascertain the exact truth. In

1858 I found, to my astonishment, that there were on earth certain women and men with families *who have never yet known maternity or paternity*. I found that real mothers conceive with the whole life and love of the heart, and that real fathers produce from the vitalic energies and magnetisms of the whole brain; and that no blood-and-passion relations amount to anything to the progenitors beyond the tomb. So, as a consequence, it is seen that all the offspring of your legalized debaucheries, your blood-and-passion, are likely to be strangers to you, and the *real children of others*. And the legalized marriage, unless it coronate the spiritual fact, melts, like all temporary error, at the door of the tomb. Your offspring, unless they be of and from your spirit, and therefore from God, *are only physiological productions*, so far as you are concerned—for they find *their true parents* in other homes in the eternal heavens. Thus those who were unmarried in this world, after death meet both their true mates and their spirit-families.

I wish to speak a few moments more with reference to social life in the Summer-Land. I found, on inquiry, that certain kinds of idiots die like blossoms on trees that produce no fruit; children who are hybrids in their phrenological organizations—having not even the germs of a mind, but only the sanguine propulsions of the blood which give them the instinct of the animal, causing them to open their mouths to eat, and to drivel in sign of a desire for drink; such are but the vestiges of a worn out, miserable, passionate, but legalized marriage.

These useless offspring come from those who are permitted to be debauched by the rum-holes, cesspools

of intemperance on earth, with no law or civil regulation positively to prevent the evil. Much of this agony of child-bearing results in nothing; only so much organized clay that must go through the chemical hopper again, and be wrought up in the combinations of the physical world. Such is the fate of certain kinds of idiots who come from passion and intemperance. But in the Spirit-Land I have seen hosts and groups of beautiful children that were gathered to learn lessons from birds, and trees, and rivulets, and flowing streams. These happy children were each gathered according to a name which represented the group, and over each assemblage was appointed an "Apozea." That is just what, in a very crude way, we shall endeavor to represent in our newly-organized Children's Lyceums. If possible, we will have a little of the kingdom of heaven on the earth. Let us try in our "Lyceum" to make some human progress like that which is rolling in beautiful groups beyond the stars.

In the Spirit-World I noticed a vast congregation of persons who were in this world known for their philanthropy. Age is not represented in the physical aspect of a person in the other life, but wholly by the expression of the eye and the temper of the mind. "Age," as we call it, is not seen or known there. Those philanthropic persons receive delegates from the battle-fields of America. For ages those celestial Samaritans have gathered the soldiers as they came, in large parties at a time, direct from the cannon's mouth or the bayonet's point. The new-comers are slowly introduced to a new and a different life; and this is done with such gentleness, with such beautiful and graceful methods!

But those of both sexes, who are engaged in these philanthropic labors, wear clothing of various appearance and of wondrous fashions, different from anything you would or could imagine. I have never yet seen any silken gauze or gossamer fabrics to compare with the garments there used. Many wear a peculiar flowing dress, which, in a moment, can be either wound about the person in graceful folds or taken off. This garment, for either man or woman, is appropriate and beautiful beyond all imitation.

And then the feasting which is sometimes visible in the Summer-Land, would give you a great joy to behold. I verily believe that never a man or woman would partake of what is called the "Lord's Supper"—never partake of the crude elderberry wine and the very carefully prepared unleavened bread—if they could see the feasting of hundreds of thousands at the Lord's Supper spread out on those islands, and along the fringed margins of those beautiful and musical rivers! I never before so well knew what was meant when *your* authority and our Brother, the great Spiritual Reformer, said, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." The beautiful truth contained in that passage was exemplified to my mind in my first vision of the scene of a great feast in the Spirit-Land. Verily, no man, or woman, or child, in the higher life, careth for the immediate source—that is, they do not give themselves thought and great care for the food they receive and enjoy at appropriate seasons. What was called "manna" in the Old Testament is there a literal manifestation, dropping like snow

from the bosom of the heavenly realm; and as it falls it covers those beautiful and mossy fibers, and slowly becomes like the purest honey distilled from the depths of the upper air. The beautiful substances made from this manna are in all possible forms and shapes, and each form and shape possesses a flavor and an odor of its own; out of the *one* substance all forms and varieties of food are made—an art in chemistry which men will discover in this world one of these future golden days. For be it remembered that the immense riches of an *apple* are not yet known, much less those of a peach or a berry. Mankind are but just learning to preserve their fruits and common berries. When we get where aerial *emanations* are granted for food, and when we know how to gather and “bottle up” the spiritual particles that float in the invisible ether amid the heavens, then we shall live the life of the “lilies.”

The Spirit-World is thus brought into our actual experience, and the very life of it is seen and realized. Many of these visions of things would require most delicate descriptions to make them acceptable to the common sense of the world. But I tell you that the existence of the Summer-Land is not more mysterious than the formation and existence of a man's body out of the invisible life of his nerves. You may not see the philosophy of what I have here uttered, but it is as positive a science and is as literally true as that twice five make ten. And I fully believe that the existence and actualities of the next sphere will become a part of science, and that its philosophy will be as plain as the existence of such planets as Mars, Jupiter, and Saturn.

SOCIETY IN THE SUMMER-LAND.

“That was not first which is spiritual, but the natural ; afterward the spiritual.”

If you will permit a little autobiography, I will again refer to my own past. There are persons who, I think, know nothing of my personal investigations with respect to the existence, circumstances, and scenes, of mankind's future life. They have only heard. Those who do know, will, I trust, excuse me for speaking to those who do not know concerning my personal relations to this subject.

It is known and it can be demonstrated (the witnesses are nearly all living in this world,) that this subject of the future life came upon me years ago. I stand before you educated, to some extent, by that advent. It has made me acquainted with questions which are not common to merchants, and men who work, and think, and have their whole being parallel with society, and with the laws of ordinary business enterprises. The realities and scenes of the future came to me more silently and gradually than the flower unfolds from its earliest germinal beginnings. There was no shock in the advent. I was very much of a child in mind and body, and in years also, when the Spirit-World was first opened to my vision. So far as I myself was conscious, it came without any preparation, without any expectation, without any theory whatever,

and without any imagination with reference to what man's future state was, and would be. And not only so, but I was for years shut out from any external memory or other acquaintance with the wondrous facts that were delighting and intellectually enchanting the witnesses who were present when these things were delivered at 252 Spring street, New York, in the winter and spring of 1847. (See "Introduction to Nature's Divine Revelations.")

Now, if I stood before you as an intellectual speculator, a *theorist*—as a person who had pre-determined to wrest historical facts, to twist them, to mold them, to fashion them by the legerdemain of an anti-conscientious intellect, and by the force of imagination shape my facts to suit a foregone conclusion—then indeed I should not be for one moment worthy your respectful attention. Because, in such case, I should be an imaginationist and a perjured witness, self-condemned, and I could not longer speak; the words of my native tongue would cleave to the roof of my mouth, and I should be internally forced to breathe in the midst of self-consternations, and I know no power that could extricate me from the terrible embarrassment that would overwhelm my whole soul.

But I do not stand before you in any such capacity. I am not a theorist; not an imaginationist; not a lawyer. My position is that of a person, who, without forethought or intellectual preparation, became slowly acquainted with realities and scenes that were transmitted, or "impressed," day by day, from a higher sphere, until two whole years had transpired; and then, at the end of those two years, by a blessed mental

unfolding, which only the spiritual metaphysicians can truly explain to your understanding, the beautiful memories which had been thus gradually deposited within me came out and stood in the foreground, and said, "Rememberest thou these things?"—instantly my external life, with its memories, was blended and married sweetly at the altar of the "superior condition!" So well do I remember it! In the city of beautiful Poughkeepsie, vividly, indeed, like a conscious flower, pulsated the clear facts of that new birth. And I stand before you as one who has continued these sublime investigations *every forenoon*, whenever my physical and external conditions were favorable for an entire cerebral abstraction—*by which the physical world is shut out, and the spiritual senses opened*—and then pictures and scenes of immortal beauty have been painted on the spirit's retina, such limpid realities as no pencil can possibly imitate on canvas, nor poetry transfer in language, to the mind of man.

I appear before you, not as testifying in support of a *theory*, but to relate what I have seen as literal celestial verities. No theory can long exist which does not walk in the track of these indubitable facts. Nor can any philosophy long stand unless it comes to you just as these celestial facts came to me, in a logical sequence, following like flowing water along the unchangeable channels of Cause and Effect. Pardoning so much self-history, you will, I think, allow me now to ask your attention briefly to a philosophical basis for what I shall relate.

In the year 1850 I began a chapter by asking the question: "*Is human nature immortal?*" The same

question is before me now. Who is the *infidel* among you? Christians! you who profess to believe so much *better* and *finer* and *truer* things than I do, you who pass current in the outward world for being "orthodox" in your persuasion, I ask you: "Is immortality a part of your conviction?" If it is not, then some other method, and some stouter proof, will be necessary to implant it in your judgment. But if it is, then I ask you: "Is immortality possible except on the supposition that *you are to continue forever to be yourself?*" Is human nature, the individuality, to be changed in the twinkling of an eye? Can your personal nature be supernaturally changed and converted into something different ten minutes after death, or at the moment of the Resurrection?—can such a metempsychosis take place and *you* still continue to be *yourself*? What kind of an immortality is that? For you, James and Mary, to be immortal, it is immutably necessary that you should continue to *be* James and Mary, and not others. When your neighbors, relatives, and intimate acquaintances arrive beyond the grave, they must be to *you*, and to *themselves*, the continuation of the individual life-chapters here commenced to be written, otherwise they are utter strangers to each other—in all logical effects they would be *new* persons—and thus the doctrine of immortality would be nothing, although individuals might forever dwell in the higher realms.

If immortality be a truth, then Christians cannot with reason say to me that I am uttering one word contrary to the divine system of the celestial, spiritual, and physical universe. If they repudiate immortality, then I am the Christian—that is, *the believer*. I do not wish

to arrogate the former term; for, as the so-styled Christian world now goes, I do not think the name is either much of a compliment or recommendation. The doctrine of immortality is in the world's religious faith. If it be accepted by the intellect, it must be on the principle that mankind *continue* the life begun in this world. How can a man be after death what he was on earth, unless he be distinguished by the *same* structure, unless the *same* general mental conformation continues, unless he remains possessed of the *same* general physique, and the *same* general arrangement of faculties and dispositions of temperament, which give him individuality and a marked personal position with reference to others in this world?

This reasoning I take as the first layer of basis, which may render the idea of immortality somewhat philosophical.

Again I ask you who are openly avowed "Deists"—I mean those Unitarian Christians who believe in God—whether, if there be a God, who, as they say, is "without variableness or shadow of turning"—is He to be, or appear to be, an entirely *different* Person or Power in another state of being? Can an omnipotent, unchangeable, deathless Deity, be something entirely *different* when mankind ascend beyond the present, "nearer to God"? You know that Deity, in the world's theologic conception, is a perfect, single man—large, vast, beyond all measurement, yet a man! and that the emanation from his holy spirit goes out to fill, and thrill, and vivify the illimitable spaces of the universe. This last diffusion of the holy spirit is what some Christians call "the Divine proceeding," the om-

nipresence of the spirit of God, taking the name of the "Holy Ghost."

Now I ask you whether, in your honest opinion, it be possible for an unchangeable God to *change* his nature and his balance? If he does not, it being intrinsically impossible, then would it not be natural and reasonable to suppose that *another* existence adapted to mankind would be simply another *section*, or a higher degree, of the existence begun here? Is it not logical to believe that what is primary here would correspond to something primary there—that what is here meant by "justice," and "truth," and "liberty," would there be represented by something exactly the same, perfectly identical? If things begin here with roots and grow to summits, then, God not changing, and the vegetative laws and systems being the same, would you not suppose that all future growths occur in harmony with the inspiring principle? Otherwise, with a different philosophy, you are all afloat! You can have no common sense in matters of religion, unless you take the basis which is here given: it gives solid, fertile soil, and strong, firm roots, to all your ultimate reasonings and contemplations.

You send your children to the primary schools. What for? So that when they are old enough to take a *higher* position in the scale of learning they may be prepared to take all their rudiments of thought up into a more practical mental development. For this end the primary schools are established, and that is why you consent to send your children to them. Now, what is this earth? It is a primary school. It is primary in the physical as in the spiritual; just as much in the

social as in the intellectual. The universe changes not, because God is unchangeable; therefore what you begin to learn here in the rudiment, you will be certain to ascertain there in the ultimate life; what is GERM *here* is FLOWER *there*; and so you can trace upward all the consecutive and unbroken links by which germs reach onward to fruition, and thus bloom out naturally on the summits of the great trees of Truth. Otherwise—that is, with a different notion—you have no philosophy and no science in your religion—only a dumb, shallow, idiotic heathenism, blundering and stumbling headforemost into the absurdities of Supernaturalism. Mystery and fear are what the olden ministers consider the best stock-material in their stupendous trade. The high calling of every Reformer is to make Truth a simple Unity and a sublime Reality! We have science and philosophy beneath our feet, truth in our principles, and reason in our propositions; and nothing is true to our minds because any particular individual has “said it”—no authority to us in a “thus saith the Lord.”

I appear before you to testify to celestial *facts* that came to me without a theory or a philosophy, without foregone conclusions, without any logical points to make out, or any favorite positions to affirm and maintain. If you can demonstrate my personal history in these particulars not to be real, publish it in your papers, and I will agree to pay you one hundred dollars for every line of such demonstration. The witnesses can nearly all be reached, and probably with the expense of from two to five dollars. These external remarks are for the lawyer and for the man who can't believe except he steps on solid ground. Therefore I

say to *such* minds, try, and see for yourselves whether these things be not as I have told you from the first. Prove these declarations to be utterly unfounded, and you shall be forever thanked by the sectarians of Christendom.

After ten years' acquaintance with the Summer-Land, I made the inquiry, on one occasion, why it was that so many names of places there had Latin roots and Greek terminations. I had learned, on frequent interior occasions, to know what a Latin or Greek word meant, and how it was originated by scholars. By writing from the interior, I found that there is a kind of immortality in the Greek and Latin Languages—more than there is in the Hebrew, the Arabic, and some other tongues more oriental and ancient. There is a great root-vitality in some of what are called the “dead languages.” It seemed very curious to me that the Asiatic and Chaldaic languages were most represented in some of the spiritual brotherhoods; also the language spoken first on the American continent by the earliest inhabitants, by the Aborigines, and those more singular people who preceded them—that there are communities in the Summer-Land which really do continue to hold the words and memories of that language as precious. And hence it may be remarked that the Shakers, when under their peculiar inspirations—the celestial afflatus which pervades a congregation of worshipping Shakers—speak fluently in what are called “unknown tongues.” (Of course on this point I need not stop to argue with and persuade Christians, because they have all read Paul, and know from such authority that such singular things used to be done—that all

kinds of persons, in Pentecostal times, were uplifted and made to speak in "unknown tongues.") And it seems that the spiritual language of the Shakers is characteristic of the speech of certain brotherhoods in the Summer-Land, composed of minds who yet retain their "first love" for the words which characterized their nationality—in which all their national history and religious developments were written. They affectionately linger in it, and dwell in it, as bees in hives by the roadside. Why? Because human nature is human still: death not radically changing either the heart or head.

There is, as I have before said, a beautiful mount called "Starnos." A brotherhood of affiliated souls is seen upon the west of it, situated near a celestial pavilion called by the beautiful word, "Connilium." This wondrously beautiful pavilion is not to shelter persons from the tempests and storms, as we design and use buildings on earth.

There is there no occasion to prepare for winter nor for great heat of summer. Different portions of the Summer-Land have different temperatures, but no such climate as we have in any part of the earth, because that Land is made by the fine material contributions and gravitation of atoms of all planets in the solar system. Hence it is the product of many, and not of one: the earth being but one atomic contributor to the material formation of that existence. Only *portions* of that Land, therefore, can retain the peculiarities of the earth, of which such portions are naturally more perfect representatives.

This Connilium is a structure of exceeding beauty.

It seems, to look at it, like a building made of trees, flowering shrubs, and countless vines. To the clairvoyant eye it is full of undescribable, beautiful colors. It seems to be composed of flowers that cast rays of lights and shadows like precious stones. And I wonder not that John, when standing on the Isle of Patmos and gazing into the upper sphere, seeing this marvelous Pavilion, called it "the New Jerusalem." Such gorgeous beauty, resplendent with what seems to be precious stones, is not often painted upon the upturned eyes of the clairvoyant.

Flowing along this side of that beautiful Pavilion is a river (I obtained the pronunciation of this word with great care) called "Apotravella." They sing to its tides. There is in that Brotherhood a piece of music written to the life of the Apotravella. And there are times when the vast multi-arched Connilium throbs like a harp, responsive to the historical musical revelation of that beautiful celestial stream.

"Ali-Nineka" is the name of the Turk who is chief in that temple—still a follower and a believer in Mahomet. One would suppose that by this time he had outgrown his creed, but he has not. He often sees and adores the gifted man who represented Mecca. The dwellers in this temple still believe that the populations of other portions of the Summer-Land will yet take great interest in Mahomet, the prophet of God.

Thus, heathenism, (as men call it,) continues after death, and missionary workers, and even Spiritualistic meetings, will be necessary in the Upper-Land; because human nature is not supernatural, but continues to be human—outgrowing its errors either slowly or rapidly,

in keeping with motives and temperaments. Some immediately improving and progressing in free truth; others remaining unimpressible and conservative for very long ages.

"Martillos" is the young, bright wife of Ali-Nineka. Martillos, who has lived centuries in that world, is "Morning Devotion," which is the significance of her name. She is filled with the spirit of the master-mind from whom they get their musical education. The doctrine of polygamy, which was so popular in Turkey and throughout all Mahommedan countries, is not practiced in this Brotherhood. This beautiful girl seems to have been the savior of Ali-Nineka. They constitute the central objects of talent and beauty, and are the host and hostess of that vast pavilion.

In 1855, when I was writing something concerning that Christian sect which flourished in the second century, called the "Gnostics," I realized a warmth and observed a little purple ray that was spread and trembling over the paper on which I was writing. It signified that there was some person present in spirit who would testify; and so, casting down my pen and yielding to that invitation, I received testimony from a man who called himself "Ephelitus." He said that he was a scholar and a propagandist in that early sect. He remarked that the race of Gnostics is almost extinct, but that there are a few of them remaining, who still believe that they had "the truth," and they accordingly continue to advocate it. Ephelitus himself lived in a very different section of the Summer-Land. "Ori," he said, gives the sound of a word which signifies the name of his lovely valley—the Ephelitus region—where

still a few Gnostics, like the Quakers of earth, meet to exchange civilities and to hold social conferences or religious conversations.

Is it strange that persons who go across the ocean into Europe should meet and talk over American affairs? Is it strange that when the old man walks down into the twilight of his personal history, he loves to sit and tell over to younger persons what happened to him three-score years before? Always keep in remembrance that human nature *is human*, both in this world and in the Summer-Land.

In the valley of Ori, the oldest Gnostic, Ephelitus, holds his levees, and gathers about him those who wish to hear him tell of scenes and toils in Rome seventeen centuries ago. They listen to the "tales of a grandfather," and learn of the eventful century when Gnosticism first gathered its followers, when it grew, and became, for the time, a religious and local power.

"Zellabingen" is a vast German Association, which was also seen in August, 1855. This Association in the Summer-Land was located, when I first observed the assemblage, parallel with the rings of Saturn with reference to the path of the sun. That is, if you were at that moment a member of the Zellabingen Association, and stood in its location, pointing northward at the time I mention, this way from the Summer-Land, you would have indicated a point in space directly parallel to the situation and plane of the rings of the planet Saturn. To have pointed earthward would have nearly reversed the direction of your vision.

This vast Association is musical throughout. It is composed wholly of persons who had not, before death,

acquired the power of song, but who yet possessed enthusiastic and ardent love for music—souls whose desires for song had not been gratified in the earth. The Zellabingen Association is to them the glorious actualization of what here was ideal and perpetual disappointment. They each one said, “I have now no voice for song, but I will yet sing; it is in me; I can silently sing; my spirit sings; and time will bring me song.” How many German maidens, and how many German young men, have become members of the Zellabingen Society! There they are, in the Upper-World, some of them centuries old, as our almanac would make it, yet younger than any grown person on earth. To them every morning is the beginning of a new day. By which I mean that every change in the cycle of their lives is to them the beginning of a new age through which they have never passed. They are fresh and new, spontaneous and beautiful.

It was this Zellabingen Society that first adopted the beautiful movement called “The Children’s Progressive Lyceum.” They began, as we have, by the distribution of twelve Groups. The Groups were designated and regulated according to the ages of their members; that is to say, according to the ages of those who love music and song, and not according to ages kept by the almanac. For if you were measured and classified according to your spiritual age, you would, perhaps, be not more than two or three months in some things; others among you, though past life’s meridian, are *just born* to a sight of spiritual things; and some of you, although voters on election days, are not yet born in wisdom and true faith; while others, years old

in spiritual faith, are not a month old in matters pertaining to true knowledge. No—the soul is not to be measured by the almanac, but by its development from a state of darkness to a state of knowledge. In the Summer-Land there is no other account of time. A young man may, perhaps, know nothing of chemistry, but the same mind may be more than a century old in music. Youth is so perfect a principle in spirit that decay cannot come upon it. Every spirit, in the Upper life, becomes a spontaneous spring of ever-recurring youthfulness.

The Zellabingen Society, I again observe, originally adopted the Children's Lyceum Groups in the Summer-Land. The Groups first represented notes of music. Then each Group was an octave. At length the Groups multiplied and numbered up higher and higher, until they constituted an orchestra with a thousand octaves! The master-spirits, standing among the musical Groups, so that every one could be reached, evoked such magnetic inspiration, that when a splendid piece of historical music rolled out from those accordant voices, the heavens seemed for the moment to be only music! It seemed to me, when I first heard this celestial concert, that the people of Brooklyn, where I then resided, could not shut their ears against it. At the time I was in clairvoyance on the corner of Fulton and Franklin Avenues, in a room on the third floor, and it seemed that the busy inhabitants of New York, and all the cities round about, did certainly hear every note that was sounded. The lowest, the highest, and grandest notes were heard, and then the deep, *deep* bass, which seemed to come up from the profoundest starry

depths; so that it seemed as though the harp of old ocean was attuned to perform a part of the melody. It seemed as though, had I had paper and pencil by me at the moment, I might have traced many parts of this wonderful historical music of the Zellabingen Society.

But let us now speak of others. Lindenstein and Moraneski are Russian and Austrian Associations. The Lindenstein Association is more remote from the Zellabingen Brotherhood than is England from America. It is situated very far away to the right. The Russian Association seemed to be immersed almost wholly in matters of history with reference to races of planets, no matter whether of this earth or others in space. They have lost a great deal of their attachment to their native globe. They are peculiarly truthful, unselfish, and disinterested. They are almost Teutonic in their studious methods. They often associate themselves in large assemblies. And when I first saw them, on a particular occasion, it seemed to be their time of meeting. They were interested in, and debating upon, historical questions. The uses and lessons of such celestial conventions and deliberations will be seen at some future time.

"Moraneski," the Austrian Assembly, or Society, is a very different Brotherhood. They were, at that time, concerning themselves almost entirely with the formation of the best governments for the different tribes and peoples of the earth. They are politicians in their methods, but do not seek to exert political influence over kings and emperors.

Monazolappa is the only exclusively African realm that I have ever seen in the Spirit-World. And here,

for the first time, I saw that progeny of parents, of whatever race, not born perfectly organized in the formation of the inner brain, do not obtain an individualized representation after death. It seems that there was a very large percentage of the progeny of the early inhabitants who never attained to immortality. According to the testimony of the Monazolappa Association, myriads of the progeny of the semi-humans, who prevailed in the early ages of the globe, went down out of sight into the vortices and laboratories of matter. There was there no voice of lamentation. They said that their true children were not lost; for every human child naturally born is there; only those, who, taking on the shape of man, but not yet internally organized up to the human, were excluded from the upper spheres.

Two years previous, in 1853, I was led (by a very beautiful incident which I may not now relate,) to see for the first time a Brotherhood on the north of what I first called Mount Starnos—a beautiful Spanish Association, more numerous than the population of America, called “Acadelaco,” or “Eco del Eco”—the name as near as I can remember to pronounce. And there was round about that beautiful Starnos a lake that seemed to be of pure limpid amber! It was flowing, yet not heavily liquid as is our earthly water. It seemed to be more like flowing liquid atmosphere than like water, and it had the peculiar property of giving off a refreshing fragrance instead of a suffocating fog. And once, soon after this vision, in crossing the East River to New York on the Brooklyn ferry-boat, I saw a painful contrast; for there we wandered, and floated, and

steamed about for three-quarters of an hour, in a *fog* that had a remarkably bad smell. And I had just arisen from the studio in which that entire spiritual truth had been developed, with the recollection of the emanations from the amber-like river to the north of Starnos! What a contrast between the two worlds! Hovering over the bosom of the heavenly river was a fragrance from countless flowers.

A gentleman who is an expert in science says that he can demonstrate that the photographic instrument can photograph invisible substances. Thus mankind are getting ready *to take the spirit form*, to establish the beautiful fact, by photographic developments. Art has made the nearest approach to painting unsubstantial shadows, so that the human eye can, with admiring satisfaction, look upon them. Perhaps, in this manner, one of these days, Art will catch the fragrance of a flower, so that you can take the likeness of an odor to your friends! Men will then say, "Is it possible that for centuries and centuries immemorial we have been only able to smell without seeing, while now we can see what we have known only by the olfactory nerves?" Now, I will again say that the odoriferous emanations from that beautiful amber-river were *visible*, and that they constituted, above the stream, what Fourier, in speaking of the ultimate of this planet, called a "Boreal Crown." It aromally rose up and swept over for thousands of miles both east and west. What a magnificent rainbow was that, with colors to which no human eye is accustomed! Here there were, in colors, new developments, rich, splendid! And do you suppose that a Brother of the Acadelaco Society could look

upon that scene and not worship the Infinite Mind? Every human mind would in one moment be moved to feelings of purest devotion and highest adoration. The rainbow here is a philosophical fact, unless the system of Nature be a fraud; and the spiritual counterpart is a continuation of this on a grander principle. The fact exists in science, and you cannot dodge the conclusion. that, in other spheres, similar phenomena may occur.

“Miantovesta” is an Italian Brotherhood, in a very different section of the Summer-Land. This Brotherhood is distinguished by some of the most beautiful women that ever lived on the face of the earth. It is one of the most celestial and attractive. And behold what hospitalities the Miantovestaians receive when they visit the Zellabingens! They journey to the latter Brotherhood from time to time; and there the sweet singers of the Miantovesta join the anthems of the Groups, and their voices rise up and blend like drops of dew in the air.

I wonder not—having heard the music of this great Association—that many Christians conceive the kingdom of heaven to be a perpetual singing-school—a protracted Methodist meeting—continuing years and centuries, while they adore God, with hymns of praise, gratitude, and thanksgiving, in this manner occupying their time throughout the infinite periods! And this is the orthodox Christian’s conception of heaven! Human nature must be entirely changed at death to make it possible to realize such a conception. Nay, nay. It is a philosophic, scientific, phrenological, affectional, logical, spiritual, religious absurdity. Yet, remembering the effect produced when the Zellabingen Society joins

its wondrous, magnificent melody with the Mianto-vesta—then I sometimes think that, from this celestial fact, the early Christians may have obtained their conception that the eternity in the kingdom of heaven is devoted to the cheerful works of music and praying.

“Pialoleski” is another Russian Association. It is peculiar, and distinguished for its musical properties. Having heard the songs of these musical gatherings, I feel the impulse to urge our Brothers and Sisters to open their mouths and bring forth the joyful hymns of progress and praise. No wonder that I would have song poured from everybody’s mouth! It has almost lifted me up to the thought of having nothing cultivated in this world save music. When I first heard the Anvil Chorus, it seemed after all as though the multifarious sounds of noisy cities would one of these days be “set to music.” I had no appreciation of such a combination of sounds and parts as constituted an “opera” until these celestial sounds came through the clairaudence of my own spirit, thus educating the mind to breathe in the significance of music, as well as to comprehend somewhat of its physical vesture.

Senelocius and Helvetius are celebrated even in the Summer-Land for their logical peculiarities and intellectual endowments. Baron D’Holbach, too, and those who believe in his doctrines, seem to think the time will come when men’s minds will wholly outgrow any idea of God—that there is no necessity and no philosophy for such an impossible Being. They believe and teach many about them that God is a supernatural absurdity; that there is no supernaturalism. They sometimes think the absurdity itself is absurd, and they advocate among

themselves, and fearlessly in the presence of those about them, the same fundamental thoughts that ruled the affections of the earthly society which they formed before they left the earth.

Professor Webster, of the Dr. Parkman history, went among such minds, not by invitation, but in association with others who were going to see and to listen. And when he first appeared to a circle in Springfield, Mass., he there reported a peculiar doctrine which the medium was afraid to write or have reported. It was really the doctrine of the Helvetian School, much modified, but essentially the same.

Swedenborg truly says that, in the Spirit-World, the different associations, nationalities, tribes, and religious sects continue. The philosophers of the Atheistical school—especially Senelocius—make these notions a matter of society, so that the children of parents who think as they do, and the wives of those men who so think, and persons in other Brotherhoods, have large sentimental gatherings, where they enjoy festivities and conversation. Human nature here is human nature there. We have here a New England Society, the Western Association, or the Knickerbocker Association, &c., and the different Clubs. It is the same thing there, only on a grander and more harmonious scale.

“Archilarium” is the name of an open pavilion where these teachers gather the multitudes who want to listen. When this assemblage was witnessed by me in 1858, it seemed like a vast convention; not, however, characterized by the turbulence of earthly gatherings. They all seemed to take a great deal of interest in everything said and done. It was a celestial Conven-

tion held out in the open fields of heaven—beautiful, fair, mossy, and bedecked with every variety of flowering plants.

“Vivodario” is the name of that Oratorio—of that beautiful section of river—to which I referred in the early part of this discourse. And the beautiful Octolonia is the angel-writer and poetess—a gifted lady in the Summer-Land—who developed and arranged the sublimest piece of music in the whole Brotherhood of Zellabingen. It was written long after death by this beautiful German lady-spirit. Octolonia is the name given to her in consequence of her great attainments and accomplishments. Her name is her coronation; it shines from her brow; it sparkles and shimmers through her beautiful locks. She seems to be radiant with the music of which she was the authoress.

“Ulcemira” is the name of a traveler who had arrived just at the time when this clairvoyant observation was made. Ulcemira, too, is a most beautiful woman, who, in this world, had desires for journeying which had never had any gratification. But when she felt her feet free upon the green fields of Paradise, she openly declared and made an oath that “she would have her soul gratified with excursions.” And verily, this beautiful woman, Ulcemira, has traveled twenty times farther than from here to the sun. She had just arrived from one excursion, and, with the poetess, stood where the music was just about beginning: and that was the glorious scene, and the time, when I heard the grandest music possible to imagine.

The social scenes in the Summer-Land, which I was enabled to see two days after what is above mentioned,

and which included the enchanting festivities, were beyond all verbal description. I will not detain you by a single word upon them; they may come up, perhaps, in a future reference.

“La Samosata” is the name of a Convent, or what would here be called a Monastery. There are persons who still verily believe that the Roman Catholic faith is God’s exclusive religion. Such spirits hover over their congenial earthly congregations. Therefore the Roman Catholics do experience real inspirations—not *revelations*, remember, because revelations open and enlighten the judgment, whilst *inspirations* excite, vivify, and warm our spirits to action. Many persons are truly inspired who have not common sense. In fact, they may be very highly inspired, and still be *very unwise in their externals*. On the other hand, when a man has a real *revelation*—which gently expands and opens the faculties of thought, and which also brings proportion, and depth, and solidity—then inspiration becomes to that man’s faculties what sun-heat is to the flowers, and grains, and grasses. It is a cause of growth and of steady fertilization.

Now these Catholics of our earth really *feel* the hovering indorsement and benedictions of the La Samosata—the tenants of a vast Convent. It is a place shut in by mountains that fill the distance away off, like Alps upon Alps (only not with those abrupt and pointed summits,) but like innumerable oceans they seem to roll down to the garden of the Convent.

If the earthly astronomer could but gaze upon this scene with his telescope, it would seem to him as though he was contemplating new star-fields in the heavens, in

beauty and magnitude far beyond his ability to transmit in language, or to map down for the longing eyes of his waiting fellow-men. The La Samosata, instead of being a place where a few thousand can gather, may contain all the Roman Catholics who have gone into the Spirit-World for many past centuries, and hence it is vastly larger than the States of both Illinois and Wisconsin. You ask, "Do they all live there?" I answer by asking, "Do you suppose that there is *coercion*? Is the internal government of the Spirit-Land more arbitrary, more despotic than this? Will you not there be more, instead of less, generous and kind to all forms of faith? Will the good Father and Mother send policemen or missionaries armed with rods and whips to drive men who do not believe the exact letter?" No, no. Human nature continues the same. Therefore Roman Catholic Associations in the next sphere are just as inevitable and natural as anywhere on the face of the earth.

I will speak of other things. A great white flower was seen in the same month. It is called the "*Archibulum*"—a beautiful word, meaning the *white temple of the children*. And there, near the garden containing these flowers, are persons we read of in the Bible. There I observed those who would not be comforted—Rachel, and also very many beautiful Jewesses, and the Israelitish women who were called heroines in the old Hebrew Scriptures. The Archibulum is a vast white flower, so constituted as to represent the image of beautiful children grouped directly at its center. It seems to grow full one hundred feet from the earth. Many admiring spirits seem to think they see in the flower's center a

beautiful representation of the son of Mary and Joseph, when he said, "Suffer little children to come unto me." It is the divinest flower of all that section of the Summer-Land. And the early Hebrew women look with great delight upon the Archibulum, with the picture of an assembly of children at its center—one of the most marvelous floral developments in the garden of God.

Do not forget, friends, that I am speaking to you of scenes in the Summer-Land—the next-door neighbor to all this circle of planets, of which the earth is a member. What would you say if you should hear somewhat concerning the third Sphere, of the one beyond that, or of another and still higher? I have seen mediums who think they receive communications from the innumerable upper places! No. Many of them have not heard from the gifted in these Brotherhoods. Now and then some one of them says, "Oh, that is nothing, the next spirit-world is nothing! I get communications from the *seventh* heaven—away up out of sight!" That is all ecstatic inspiration, without any analyzing judgment—no revelation to balance the mind in truth. Men and women get more humility when they get more wisdom. Pomposity of intellect is the best proof of its shallowness. When a truly sublime idea comes to you, then, "expressive silence" is alone natural and worthy. Words are an impertinence.

"Aurealia" is the general name for a class of pulsating lilies. These golden and graceful plants grow by the peaceful homes of those pure souls who wish them. Aurealia represents "new hopes," or freshened hopes. It grows by the heavenly homes of many good, high-born

souls, in the spirit-world. Some persons who have lived in New York, and some who have departed from among our households, have been seen where these beautiful pulsating indications of "freshened hopes" vibrate in the soft, beautiful zephyrs of the immortal sphere.

"Oahulah" is the name of a brotherhood of Sandwich Islanders, which I saw almost by an accident, when I was looking for something very different. The circumstance may interest you. I took up a newspaper and saw the name of Aaron Burr. I had never read anything concerning him. I had heard that he was a peculiar man, a politician, &c. I had also heard some conversation about him. I said, "I wonder if I cannot get some information with reference to him." This was early in the first year of the HERALD OF PROGRESS—about three years ago. The question occupied my thoughts for three different mornings, and, on the third session, clairvoyance was complete, and the vision opened, but I did not see Aaron Burr as I expected to, but I saw a much smaller man, with a brow that was not yet clear of a singular shadow, which immediately drew my attention, and I said, "I wish I could know what it is that so *shades that man's brow*." I saw nothing above him that could cast a shadow, nor had he anything upon his head. He was surrounded and conversing with a great many others. They were seemingly interested in something pertaining to the war then approaching on earth, and with reference to some persons who were their earthly relatives, whom they knew would soon be among them from the battle-fields. But above all, this man's shaded brow drew my clairvoyant attention. I wished to know who he was, and to learn what

the shadow meant. At length I saw that he was Alexander Hamilton. In his company I saw none of the early American statesmen; but there were many intelligent persons with him, and of different races. Soon Mr. Hamilton unvailed his memory and began to think, and I could see the thoughts roll out at the front part of his mind, and each was as clear to my inward vision as is any object to the physical eye.

I saw in his memory a place that I had seen on earth. At first I could not recognize it sufficiently to locate it. But presently it grew more familiar. I had seen the trees, and the walks, and the grass, and the mountain, and the Hudson River! I looked again, and thought for a while, and then I remembered that it was Hoboken! In a few minutes some eight men appeared, and he among the rest. And now I saw in his thought a *regret* that he had been weak enough, low enough in the moral scale, so actuated by pride and a false code of honor, as ever to have permitted Aaron Burr to send him, "before his time," into the Summer-Land. And I could see distinctly the figures 1804—the year in which Burr shot him: twenty-four hours afterward he passed, a duelist, to the After-Life. For days he was in a deep, dreamy slumber. When he awoke, he found upon his brow this *shadow*! The cause of his regret dates back half a century; still there is a *shadow* just over his brow and upon his head.

The lesson is impressive and easily learned. It is best for all to *be right* and to *do right*. No man or woman is wholly innocent; no one perfect. If you are not good and strong enough to save and prevent another from doing you a wrong, the weakness goes with you,

and its effects will *shade* you somewhere, either in person or in spirit, and you cannot conceal a weakness so perfectly as you can in this world.

The Oahulah is the association of Sandwich Islanders where Alexander Hamilton was temporarily sojourning, which I saw by an accident, so to say, when trying to find Aaron Burr. Oahulah was constituted of persons who had passed on from those earth-islands into the spirit-world.

“Wallavesta” and “Passaeta” both are realms of various peaceful and affiliated tribes of Indians. The hatchet is really buried, and the pipe of peace is smoked. At last the red man has found his hunting-grounds. The sachems and the wigwams, the great forests and the regions of beauty to traverse, and the shining lakes for bathing and fishing—these ideal *dreams* of the old Indians are more than actualized in the Summer-Land. The immortal Indian,

“whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds and hears him in the wind,”

is just as good a Christian as they who sat at the feet of Jesus, because the Eternal breathed infallible instinctive truths into his unfettered mind. In the depths of intuition he obtained foreglimpses of the beautiful immortal realm, not like these barren wastes and rude territories granted by government, but a land given by the Great Spirit to the “red man,” who is as much a child of God as is any member of the Zellabingen, as much as the highest archangel who dwells in yet higher spheres in the spiritual universe.

A VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

ON the twenty-first day of August, 1859, while making clairvoyant examinations and writing upon the Second Part of this volume, in the Fraternal mansion of C. O. Pool, Esq., at Buffalo, New York, I realized a gush of thoughts, surcharged with inexpressible longings, regarding the pure nature and visitation of JAMES VICTOR WILSON. The wave soon subsided, however, and I was, as before, only occupied with the subject of my writing. The next day the same beautiful thoughts of him, and the same fraternal yearnings for his personal presence, pervaded my whole mind. But these meditations and longings, as before, passed gently and utterly away. This experience was repeated from day to day until the twenty-fifth, the early morn of which dawned with the person of my Brother hovering in its wings. He came with his accustomed gentleness, stood close by the open window at which I was writing, and we conversed as naturally as any two spirits ever did. Of this I need not speak, having, as I think, amply explained the method thereof in several preceding works.

But regarding the personal appearance of this unearthed Brother, who has resided some ten years in the spirit-land, I may remark briefly. His form is more round than when last I beheld him, and his motions and gestures are characterized with more uprightness

and dignity. His bodily presence ennobled me at once, and I felt like one standing in the midst of royalty. His habiliments were artificial, evidently the work of more delicate hands than those of the finest terrestrial maiden, and he wore them as though he lived in a Land of summer warmth and glory. The outlines of his fine form were visible through his garments.

Of the following imperfect report of his conversation a few explanatory words are necessary. After luxuriating some twenty minutes or more in social commerce, during which he introduced the object of his visit, I then took time to write down all my memory of his communication. While engaged thus, my Friend would depart from the window. Whither I knew not. But he invariably returned in time to correct any mistake in conception or spelling, and to proceed with the narration. In every instance where strange words were used to designate places, persons, or things, my habit was, as it always is, to request the repetition of them, in order to make certain of the pronunciation and orthography. Many words of this class occur in the following report. And here let the reader bear in mind, that these *new* words are written just as Brother Wilson pronounced them repeatedly in my hearing. Each syllable is to be spoken *as* written, which will then yield the correct pronunciation; and the sound of each word, as heard from the tongue of the gentle Spirit, conveys the sweetest music and the highest impression. Regarding the contents of this communication, I have nothing to say by way of explanation; but cheerfully commit them to the reader's reason as a VOICE FROM THE SPIRIT-LAND.

“Throughout my last discourse there flowed a turbulent river.* My joy was unutterable, my delight ineffable, my perception of truth ecstatic. Much have I wondered what my friends would think of that imperfect report. Long have I wished to make a closer and a nicer revelation of the angel’s home. The spirit-land is indeed a country of undying charms and positive attractions. Among the millions of conceptions which within ten years I have unlearned, there remains one which is more sublime and growingly-permanent than any truth I at first discerned, and that I gave you : the Universe is a musical instrument, on which the Divinity is perpetually expressing the infinitely-diversified harmonies of his nature, which is immeasurably deep and altogether unchangeable.”

“Are you less joyous?” I inquired. “Have you less delight and less truth than when you last visited me?”

“All things are new,” he replied. “I am less ecstatic now, because I am more happy. My joy is calmer because profounder. In the early months of my existence here, I was as a child over-excited with the worlds of immeasurable magnitude which rolled musically in every quarter of the firmament. I was wild with the ocean of attractions that throbbed round about my immortal self. No youth ever felt one-half of my enthusiasm. Every excursion-troupe sent me an invitation. I visited world upon world; walked upon planets twenty times larger and greatly more populous than Earth; meditated as I thought, studied assiduously as I believed, tested facts by analysis as I fancied, and made nice philosophic measurements of much con-

* See his communication in “Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse.”

secrated truth: yet I have inhaled, as I now know, but the fragrance of a few of those flowers which grow on the margin of the infinite ocean!"

"If the task be not unpleasant, my angel-brother," said I; "if this self-criticism be not ungracious and unworthy of your wisdom, will you contribute to earthly minds the occupations and studies of your past few years?"

A heavenly light beamed from his white brow, and a rich flood of love poured out of his large, earnest blue eyes, when he opened his rosy lips to reply: "As the sun unrolls the flower, so have I had my being unrolled by the spontaneous working of eternal principles. But while travelling and flitting, so to speak, from star to star, dividing my thoughts by a countless variety of new sights, I made no happy progress in heavenly knowledge. Socially, intuitively, and perceptively, I had obtained and absorbed much; but when at length I wanted more than this, my reflective reason informed me that I was ignorant. Hundreds, yea thousands, have lived here thousands of years without visiting the surrounding worlds of space. Such are consecrated to the Father's service in healthful ways that are pleasant. Among these are Prodicus the eloquent Greek, Euripides the tragic poet, Socrates the ethical teacher, Hermogenes, Plato, Xenophon, Moschus, Anaxagoras, Crito, and unnumbered other old men on earth of vast superiority of mind, who, though brilliant with youthfulness now, and illustrious with a torrent of holy acts throbbing through their harmonious hearts, are fixed in their self-made orbits here, like the immutable stars of destiny in your stellar scenery."

"Do not these persons travel in the spirit-land?" I asked, with unrestrained surprise.

My angel-brother smiled with an awakened fervor spreading over his face, and replied: "They bring the whole universe down to their feet, and comprehend in truth every world and all the planets I have visited with infinitely more potent thought and spiritual accuracy than I can understand even now."

"You make a curious statement," said I. "Perhaps you can explain it so that I may get the image of your thought."

"Happy word!" he exclaimed. "Images and likenesses are but forms of ideas within the great minds of this existence. The realm of objects and forms is the educt of the world of ideas. The sensational sphere they regard as the sphere of effects; the causes being inherent to mind, or *Vasciel*, which is what you term spirit. Only he travels who knows not the contents of his own spirit. That every sun and fixed star, every world or heaven of worlds, that latitudes and distances, objects, forms, time, are contained in man, passeth as yet my highest understanding. Yet there is a symmetrical dawning of this truth over the horizon of my faithful reason. I never doubt it, whenever inspired by the discourse of those chief stars of immeasurable self-possession, whose intellectual powers sweep the unmapped empires of immensity."

"Friend Victor," I interposed, "can you explain how it was that your great thirst for journeying was satisfied?"

"That thirst is not quenched," he replied; "another attraction prevails with me now, and has governed my

thoughts for several years: I mean the study of Antiquity."

"Of Antiquity!" I exclaimed. "It seems to me that you are the last mind to be so employed."

"Let me relate an incident," he replied. "I was admiring the geometrical figures made upon the smooth soil by the shadows of a certain flower, when a member of the *Plana de Alphos* (a holy brotherhood) approached me, and asked: 'Which influence exalts you most, the sounds of the *Porilleum* (a musical spring), or the incense of the *Voralia* (a beautiful and fragrant rose), that blooms on the slopes of the *Pantrello*?'* No answer came to his simple question. He had many times witnessed the outbreaks of my boyish enthusiasm. A serene beauty and a brotherly compassion characterized his face and speech, for he had let me into the depth of my own ignorance regarding the most familiar objects in the spirit-land. My mind mounted to a higher level of emotion and labor, and tenderly did I pray in silence to know *which* of the two influences was most exalting to my feelings. Although I had much intuitive knowledge of the spiritual laws, had contemplated from the purple mountains of the Omniscient Spirit, had walked reverently beneath the stooping sky of many worlds in space, had studied as I thought the sculpture of Omnipotence in all the towers of the stellar universe, yet there I stood confounded by the noble Greek's simple question!—yea, rebuked a thousand times every moment by the unfolded voralia at my feet,

* This name is given to a group of graceful hills in the distance.

and equally by the divine melody of the ever-flowing porilleum.

“‘Can you not reply?’ asked the Greek, who was even more gentle and compassionate than before.

“I replied in candor that I could not, and added: ‘Allow me the informing advantages of your Brotherhood; attach me to your tender-spirited wisdom for a season, and I will promise to find the knowledge of God as he originally hid it in the least of things.’ The good man extended his hand as a token of agreement. The tidal forces of his love beat through my heart. Like the tenth billow of a majestic-flowing sea was the uplifting influence of his wisdom beneath me. In silence I accompanied him to the Brotherhood of the Plana de Alphos.”

Here I asked my friend Wilson if he would give me a description of that celestial Association.

He replied: “You remember the arcanum which I before disclosed, that those spirits which emanate from the earth, or from any other planet in the universe, are introduced into that society for which they entertain the most congenial sympathies and affections? This, like every other society or brotherhood, is thus organized. It is situated on one of an unnumbered host of islands, which mark and diversify the geography of the Spirit-Land. The name of this beautiful isle is *Akropanamede*, meaning ‘All-Sided Perfection.’ It is of immense proportions, but slopes on every side, wave-like, to the water’s edge, where the endless rows of flowering *Gandulea* (or fragrant trees) add their symmetrical glory to the scene. These *gandulea* grow in the glorious gardens. They cover with their shade a

musical porilleum here and there, and blend their perfume with the odor of the immortal voralia blooming in the courts ; or with the incense which stealthily floats down from the dreamy pantrello ; where millions of those fairy flowers perpetually breathe their holy prayers.

“The Isle of Akropanamede is shaped something like an earthly pear. It is more beautiful and heavenly than any terrestrial landscape can ever be. A brilliant river of vivid charms, called *Appilobeda*, flows like God’s grace and love around the head of the isle. The smaller river, *Atodyle*, glides down from the opposite direction, against the narrow point of the Isle ; whither it separates into two equal streams, and flows thence musically into the embrace of the ever-glorious *Appilobeda*. Birds of the most celestial song, and with plumage of the simplest beauty conceivable, fill the fragrant air with a mournful melody. The saddest singing-bird is called *Quarreau*, a native of the planet Mars, but brought here by the inhabitants of this Isle, who frequently visit the living population there, even as spirits now begin to hold commerce with the earth’s inhabitants. Ineffably sweeter to me is the varied and rich notes, yet ever-sad songs, of the *Baskatella* ; a forest-bird of the ivy-mantled trees of golden Saturn. These feathery songsters live and multiply here as they did upon their native orbs.

“The Brotherhood of Plana de Alphos are serenely active in the greatest wonders of benevolence and art. There is upon this beautiful Isle the grandest temple of treasured antiquities. The Brothers call it the *Aggamede* ; meaning ‘the Cabinet of Antiquity.’ Nothing

upon earth can similitude this wondrous combination of ancient architecture. There is, apparently, something of every absolute form of edifice in its mighty proportions. In extent, finish, and richness, it is overwhelming; it seems that ten years of ceaseless walking would not pass me through all its parts. My noble guide and beloved teacher, whom the fraternity name *Apozea*, in answer to my first question concerning the dimensions of the Aggamede, said: 'Compose a circle of twenty-one sevens. This will reveal the number of wings to the temple; also, the number of mansions contained in each wing. Multiply each seven by the whole number, and the total of the added amounts reveals the number of both the inter-linking avenues, and the surmounting domes. Place this number in the centre of the circle of sevens, multiply the central figures by each seven composing the band, and the total amount shows the number of square furlongs of spirit-land covered by the Aggamede. Multiply the last amount by the central figures, and the product will reveal the number of square English miles of the Isle of Akropanamede. Divide this number by seven, and the amount obtained is the number of Brothers who compose the Fraternity of Plana de Alphos.' Seeing many beautiful women—younger and older—walking in the temple and gardens, I asked my Apozea for information regarding their connection with the Brotherhood. He gently instructed me at some length concerning the balance and equal happiness of the sexes in the benevolent arts and labors of the temple. Many of the women, and as many men, were there under the Divine *vasciel* (or influence)

of the fraternity. Such are called *Opeathaleta*, meaning the patients and students within the temple.

“My Apozea’s lifted intellect seemed to shed sunlight, mingled with mystery, upon everything he alluded to or touched. Field, form, flower, bird, spring, tree, temple, even my fellow-beings, were both brilliant with uses and blurred with a sad-like shadow of undefinable mystery. He comprehended my condition, as I stood without the wing of the temple, and said cheeringly: ‘Advance, my baskatella (bird), for thou art our beloved *Opeathalos* (student), and the time future is thine to become whatso thou wilt; for thou art even now fit to stir within others the power of thought, and to meditate with the happy *Paralorella*.* The distant pantrello will invite and teach thee to comprehend thy God, hid within the fragrant voralia and the musical porilleum.

“‘Who are these patients?’ I asked. And my Apozea answered: ‘Seek to know them, and thou shalt understand; feel to do them divine service, and they will tell thee all their secrets. The day is long, and the field is vast down to the waves of the Appilobeda. Within the temple is the fountain of *Andomont*; beneath the Isle is the source of the sweet-flowing *Atodyle*; within thee is the all-wise, ever-loving *Arabula*, (meaning a divine guest); therefore, my baskatella, thou art with us at home, and thy feet will press the path that is pleasant; see to it, I tell thee, that thou becomest worthy to know all things heavenly and eternal.’

“So saying, he turned from me, and disappeared

* The name given to half-cured patients.

beneath the flowering gandulea, the beauty and fragrance of whose foliage surpass all tints and odors upon earth.

“My Apōzea is a teacher of exceeding grace and power. There is an immaculate clearness in his beautiful eye; his loveful voice is both deep and round with power; impressive eloquence and modesty characterize his face and speech; his form is rounded and is as perfect as imagination can picture harmony of proportion; and when he walks, the celestial colors sprinkle his wavy hair with golden light, while his soft beard glitters with the highest ray of beauty. Demetrius, Tasso, Camoens, Theodorus, could not together form a person more physically beautiful. O my brother, the Greek is great and beautiful! His disposition is gentle as a mother’s love, yet there is the flow and fire of *thought* in his discourse; an effectiveness of imagery and loftiness of style which thrills every opeathelos who attaches himself to the class. The separate stages of individual experience, with their causes and significance, are the textual pivots of his powerful discourses. He is a metaphysician, yet *feels with* the opeathaleta who hear him. Hundreds love him, although they know not the import of his speeches. The multitude catch his geniality and power, but not his thought.

“The wondrous Aggamede now attracted me. I walked very near to the formation, put my hand upon its smooth sides, and began like an architect to examine the material and construction. The building substance used is called *Aureola*, but where obtained and how formed into a transparent wall eighty times finer than the finest earthly glass, I as yet know not. It is

wondrously strong, and can photograph itself upon any suitable substance in three hundred and twenty-four of your seconds." Here friend Wilson unrolled a light, gauzy substance, and showed me a curious painting of the temple, taken from where he stood when first he saw it. In grandeur, magnitude, and newness of structure, it exceeds everything I ever imagined. The likeness of the temple was limited almost entirely to a single section or wing. Yet from the uniformity of the sections, as indicated by his verbal descriptions of the palace, I could gather from this picture an image of the entire structure. The domes appeared like a sea of terraced mountains of something finer than, but as real as, glass; and like the Alps, they extended away toward the horizon, until, to my eyes, the temple was blended with and lost in the air. In my haste to take the gauzy picture in my own hand, in order to examine it more critically, he said: "Not yet, brother!" (and instantly withdrew it). But of the temple he continued: "It cannot be compared, either in material or construction, to any earthly edifice. The foundations and uprising walls appear to grow like trees from the Spirit-Land. Its many mountainous domes shed a mellow light upon the distant hills and countless streams. The palace of the Living God, to my earthly fancy, could not be more perfect and beautiful. It is surrounded by a reflecting atmosphere, with a power superior to that of the sun.

"Afar from the kingdom of earth I stood, my brother; and the palace-doors, like flowers in bloom, welcomed me. My joy was full of light like sunbeams, yet entered I there a sorrowful guest. 'The *Zona** has

* This name is given to a visitor.

come!’ ‘The *Zona* is here!’ was shouted and echoed through the vast mansion. Words grew unfrequent and low in every direction. The wing of the temple in which I stood was immense, and subdivided into tented apartments like a fair-ground or festival, and in each alcove and grotto, as far as I could see, there was something artificial. Yet a mystic shade, like the shadow of autumn upon the brilliant bloom of summer, covered every person and place. The mansion was filled with people of every country on earth, young and old, who seemed to be examining and adoring the beautiful and strange articles on exhibition. In silence I walked among the thronging visitors. Many faces smiled sweetly as I approached, yet a mute wail of grief seemed to succeed. Many looked happy for a moment, but a shadow of unrest swept over their faces.

“My astonishment and perplexity increased every instant. The plaintive song of the baskatella floated through the temple, and the flowers, like myrtles in bloom, shed a fragrance of sorrow upon all. ‘What can this mean?’ I exclaimed. ‘Is this in the Spirit-Land?’ As I spoke, a hand touched me upon the shoulder; I turned, and beheld my Apozea, the teacher, who said: ‘*These are opeathaleta*; can you not do them much good?’ I besought the Greek to instruct me in the causes of their condition. He answered: ‘Speak to that young man [pointing to a person near us], and get from him his story.’ Obeying the suggestion, I asked the youth to confide to me his secret grief. ‘That I will do, my darling,’ he tenderly replied, ‘if you will promise to aid me to enjoy this beautiful world.’

Crossing my hands upon his bosom, I promised to do all in my power for his happiness.

“ ‘Thanks, my zona baskatella!’ he enthusiastically exclaimed, ‘you will make me free as the flowing Apilobeda, and my happiness will be like that of the arabula!’ He grasped my hand lovingly, and said: ‘Follow me to my *Toleka*.^{*} The good *Atolie* made it to instruct me for ever.’

“Without hesitation I went with him through many avenues of the wing, and halted before a great circle of happy spirits, who were, like Chinese, busily constructing toys, as I thought. The young man called upon ‘*Atolie*,’ and a benevolent woman made her appearance. ‘This is my Apozea!’ said the youth, pointing to me as *his* teacher, and added: ‘Allow him to behold the *Toleka*!’

“The fond-bosomed woman held up what resembled a common leather purse, filled with gold and diamonds and other jewelry. I wanted the good *Atolie* to instruct me as to its significance. She waved her hand negatively, but the youth said: ‘I will show you all.’

“Unquestioningly I followed him beyond the temple, over the flowing *Atodyle*, away from the Isle, and presently I observed that he was guiding me earthward. The beautiful sphere was afar, and as we approached the earth, he said: ‘I am an Italian boy of much wickedness, and I must remain on the Isle of Akropanamede, must live and labor for the fraternity of Plana de Alphos, must visit the good *Atolie* once every day, and look at that purse of gold and diamonds, until I

* The name given to a thing of memory.

can overcome the effect of the evil I did before the day of my death.' Upon inquiring of his earthly home, he replied : ' Here we are just over the river Eria, in Italy, where my earthly body was lost in the effort to escape the officers of justice.' Immediately he drew my attention to a small Italian house, in a place called *Venestrella*, wherein I beheld a sorrowful and impoverished woman, looking at the likeness of her lost boy. ' That is my mother,' said the youth, sadly : ' she is very poor and wretched, for the king took all her property to redress the wrong I did an officer's lady, whose money and jewelry I one night stole from her casket.'

" Remembering the purse I saw in the spirit-land, in the hand of the good Atolie, on the Isle of Akropanamede, I suggested the return of the property by dropping it upon his mother's lap. The Italian youth smiled with pallor, and replied : ' Ah ! my darling Apozea, that leather purse in the spirit-land is nothing to me but an artificial image, bearing admonition and education. It is substantial and significant *there* ; but here, on earth, it is the same as an imitation, without weight and without value.'

" As he spoke thus, a new light dawned upon my yet more teachable and reflective reason. The Aggamede, then, is a Temple of Antiquities, a palace where *past deeds* or things are made to be *present*, until the right comes right upon earth, and until justice is fulfilled by the evil-doer. ' Yes !' interposed the youth, ' such is the temple. It is memory's crystal palace. Every artificial *toleka* is an image of some thing, or of some particular deed, accomplished or sought by the individual before death.'

“While he was yet speaking, I beheld the officer on the earth whose lady the boy had robbed, and by whose instigation the mother was reduced to wretchedness and beggary. ‘What would give you perfect happiness?’ I asked the youth. ‘To behold my mother’s property restored, and the officer’s lady forgetful of my theft,’ he quickly responded.”

Brother Wilson in conversation assured me that this particular journey to earth happened nearly seven years ago; and that, although several spirits had attempted to aid the mother, and to remove the trouble from her heart, yet the Italian youth is still a patient on the Isle of Akropanamede; and every day he is growing wiser and more beautiful, but the purse will hang in the temple until his mother leaves the earth for ever. The youth will not leave the Isle. Like the others there, his spirit is taking lessons of the least plants of truth that grow in the infinite summer of God, and preparing to reflect rays of light into dark minds in either sphere.

“Returning to the Aggamede,” continued friend Wilson, “with the youth, I was wiser and more helpful. One antiquity that next fixed my attention was a singular mechanism. A Hollander seemed rapturously fond of it, and besought to explain to me his ‘perpetual motion.’ His mind was dead, as it were, to every great truth. Nothing else impressed him as useful for his remaining fellow-men. One day I accompanied him earthward, and we looked down upon his brother living at *Hoewelaken*, in the Netherlands, upon another at *Krimpen*, and, lastly, upon the old homestead, and into the very tool-basket under the hovel, where the enthusiast had spent his days and dollars, at *Nider Kerschen*,

making his 'perpetual motion.' He urged upon me the feelings of his judgment with respect to the utility of his invention to mankind. Many times in the temple he would rejoice over the news that a 'medium' for machine-building had been found somewhere on earth. He said that he had influenced many such, but as yet to no purpose. My Apozea, the learned and beautiful Greek, calls him an *opeathelos*, or patient within the temple.

"On other journeys to earth in company with these spirits, I have visited and examined items of individual interest in Prussia, at *Hohenstein*, *Vausburg*, *Frische Nehrung*; in the land of Germany, the places called *Aichstadt*, *Rheda*, *Kohlberg*, and *Bingen*; in the empire of Austria, the places known as *Aclberg*, *Foldea*, *Leypa*, and *Brzezany*; in the country of Scotland, the places named *Freswick*, *Kintyre*, *Lanark*, and *Lammermuir*; in England, the places called *London*, *Llangower*, and *Frodsham*; in the country of Ireland, the places known as *Ganagh*, *Dublin*, *Kildare*, and *Evanagh*; in France, we have visited to effect the places called *Feurs*, *Paris*, *Bellevue*, and *Napoule*; in Russia, the places styled *Evanovsk*, *Navolok*, and *Ianisia*; in the United States, the places named *Peru*, *Boston*, *Waukeegan*, *Norwich*, *Hartford*, *Washington*, *New Orleans*, and *Portland*. Understand, my brother, that certain persons in these places have been effectually visited by the spirits of the Isle of Akropanamede. Good thus accomplished has made many *Paralorella*, or half-cured patients, who in due time will leave their love for 'by-gones,' and will then press forward to the things which grow about them in divine beauty. The devotees of antiquities,

either of evil or good import, are the most unteachable spirits in this existence.

“Students of the past, those who love images, and cling to the pictures of what has concerned them individually anterior to their departure from earth, are classified here as the *Etiogarella*. Many of them are great in learning. The artists who construct the keepsakes, the tolekas, are of both sexes, and of spirits from nearly all races, and are named *Atoli*. *Zangorilla* is the term used to signify ‘lovers of the Isle.’ Of this beautiful class of spirits there is an innumerable host. The cured become at first most devout and grateful inhabitants. Then they become gleeful, and the merriest singers and dancers that can be imagined. And such would not leave the Isle permanently if they could (as they can) find more attractions in other parts of the Spirit-Home. The merry dancers are called *Opiati*, and the singers, because of the beauty and sweetness of their songs, are named *Ibleammah*. If spirits are scholarly and learned, with a recollection of earthly honors and reputation for abilities which they have misused, and refuse to learn of the wisdom of the Apozea, and feel high-minded, they are called *La Prida*. But when such conceive a love for God as he is hid in the bird and the lilies of the fields, they are then classified as the *Uldia*, or the ‘no longer impenitent.’ Goethe and Stilling are here, and each claimed the origination of the beautiful image ‘Lady Lily Siona.’ My Apozea took these good and wise scholars to the musical porilleum. He next invited them to visit the voralia as they bloomed beneath the *gandulea*. Afterward they journeyed over the *Appilobeda*, and meditated among the fragrant *pantrello*.

And when they returned to the temple, they believed that the term 'Lily Siona' was of no value in the philosophy of eternity.

"About two years ago, as I was walking in another wing of this wondrous Palace of Antiquities, my Apozea illustrated a lesson by some (artificial) stone hammers and flint knives, which he said had been long cherished as sacred relics by the *Shoshonees*, a tribe of earthly Indians. The imitations were fading away like mountain mist in the morning, and I inquired if such would be the fate of everything within the temple. He answered: 'The useful is eternal. But *things* are temporary.' To my further inquiries, he said: 'Memory is frequently loaded with love for many things which do not exalt the spirit. Yet those things or images remain until the spirit hath outgrown the temple of the Antiquities. When morning dawns, the night and its shadows depart; so the evil is no longer evil to the good.' We stood near the central fountain of Andromont. Many-tinted flowers grew lovingly on the rounded margin. I touched one, and lo! it shrivelled and seemed to die in a moment! 'Behold, my basketella!' said my teacher, affectionately; 'your touch is poison to the *mimosa sensitiva* of the spirit-land. The damp shade of the fountain is life to the plant compared with thy deadly touch. On earth the *asphodels* grow upon graves to feed the manes of the departed. Here the rose blooms to instruct and exalt the living. The *Arabula* [divine Guest or God] is within thee. Live true to *that*, every moment of thy progress, and no flower will shrink from thy approach.'

"With much sadness, I inquired to know what it was

in me that had poisoned the *mimosa*, and he replied: 'You are yet *impatient* to mount higher than you can see, and hasty to hold more wisdom than your spirit can comprehend. *This aspiration is poisoned with ambition, and this ambition is the tempter which prompts thee to appear to be more than you are, and to seem to know what you do not.* Rid thee of all this, else the flowers of Akropanamede will shrink from thy touch, and the arabula will steal the sunshine from thy heart.'

"All this happened some two years since; and, at lengthened intervals, my apozea has repeated his lesson. During all this time, I have labored with the opeathaleta of the Isle. Among them are some of the mighty-minded of the earth; nobles in government; preachers in religion; authors of self-aggrandizing books; adherents to antiquated forms of thoughts; but the merry dancers and the sweet singers are multiplying, and sunbeams from the eternal sun shine through many hearts. At first, it seemed that the universe had been narrowed down to an Isle of sad and gloomy experience. Birds, trees, rivers, hills, sky, my fellow-beings, seemed wretched and unpoetic. The Aggamede, with its multitudinous thickets of resplendent beauties, appeared unspiritual. Now, my brother, I come to tell that *all is changed*. The Isle of Akropanamede is heaven. Every object is consecrated to good. Birds no longer sing sadly on the gandulea; trees no more shed a melancholy light upon the flowing appilobeda; the temple is no longer a palace of sorrow; for *hope* and *faith* and *truth* and *wisdom* shine out from every door and dome. All who dwell here are divine lovers, friends, sisters, brothers: 'Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will

dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God.' Here, the mother's calm bosom veils the young child; the flying hours bring progress to its mind; and the warm wisdom of the apozea improves the restless spirit. Ignorance and discord are no more to those who crave for and partake of the granted blessings. God is hid in the flower and in the fountain; and I now know, my brother, which exalts my feelings most—'*the voralia or the porilleum.*' The fountain is my greatest teacher. GOD IS IN IT, and it ever floweth, giving waters of life which all may drink if they have sufficient thirst and wisdom."

Friend Wilson appeared beautifully luminous, like an angel of the highest degree, when he spoke these last words. He was evidently very happy, and, as he turned to depart, I asked: "Can you give me some information respecting the Spiritual Congress which I beheld at High-Rock Tower?"

"You can mark me in the group of 'spiritual wisdom,'" he replied, with a beautiful smile; "for I am now counted in the class of Solon, the Athenian, who, with hosts, is a lover of the Isle, *a zangorilla*. The delegations have discharged sublime duties since the Sessions you witnessed. They have exerted influence upon almost every kingdom. Russia is opening like a blighted empire, revived by the principles of justice. The stars of the night and the morning of her people are brighter now. Her slaves are less in bondage. But still greater changes are breaking over the hills of her destiny. Austria is growing less cold at her heart; her weary sons will weep less in her fields; and the shadow of pit-

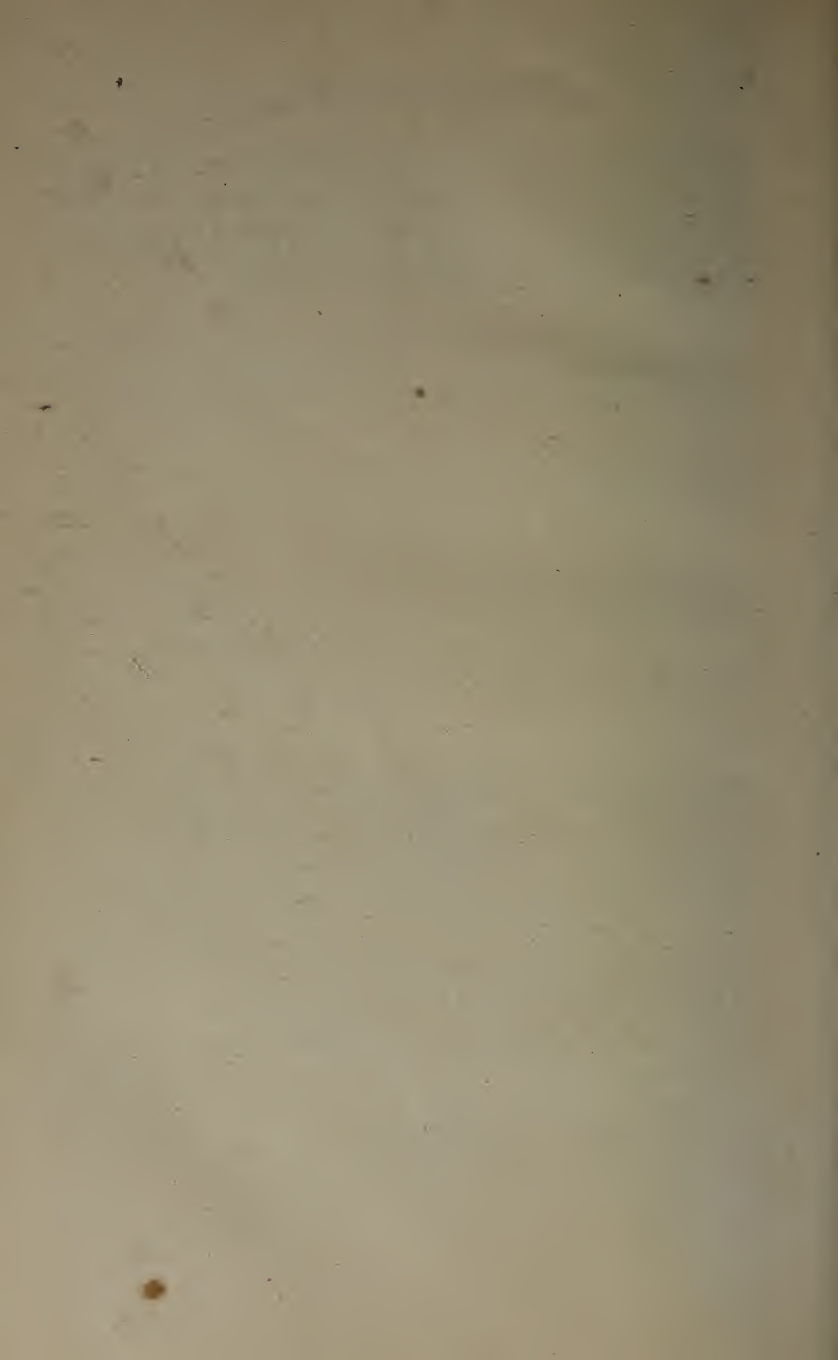
iless pride will lift from the throne of the empire. Japan pillows her head no longer on the bosom of her pale kingdom. She has felt our forewarning. Ignorance was her terrible foe, and she bore the cross without a crown. Her gates are open to the stranger. Angels have crowned the emperor, and the star of a better career is twinkling in her sky. And the other nations and powers, which have not yielded to justice, we are yet laboring to affect."

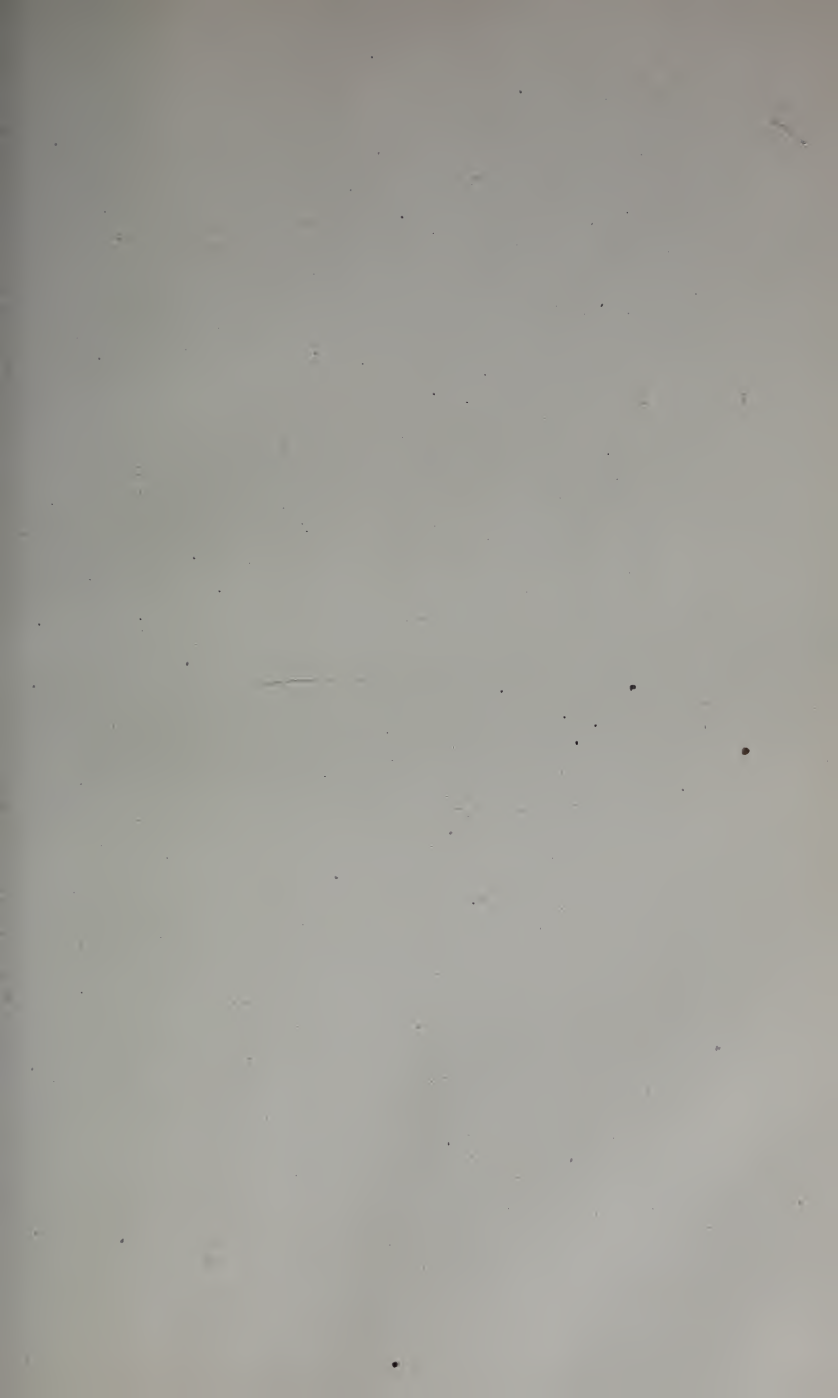
"Can you tell me whether the *twelve* teachers mentioned by Galen have been found?" (I asked this question because it has many times been put to me, and I have wondered much upon that point.) And he replied: "Part of that number are this day at work in the vineyard of spiritual truth and progress."

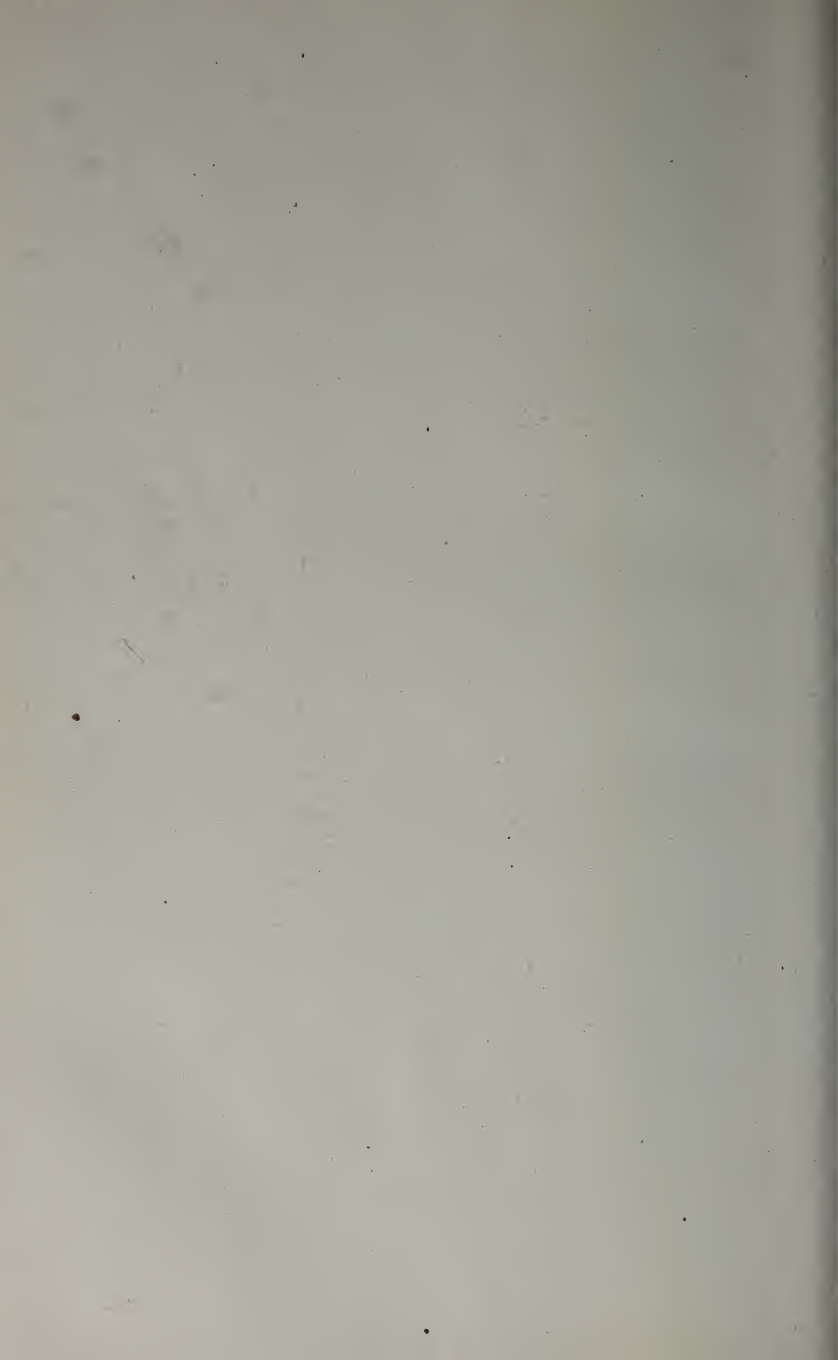
"May I know who they are?" I inquired. And he responded:

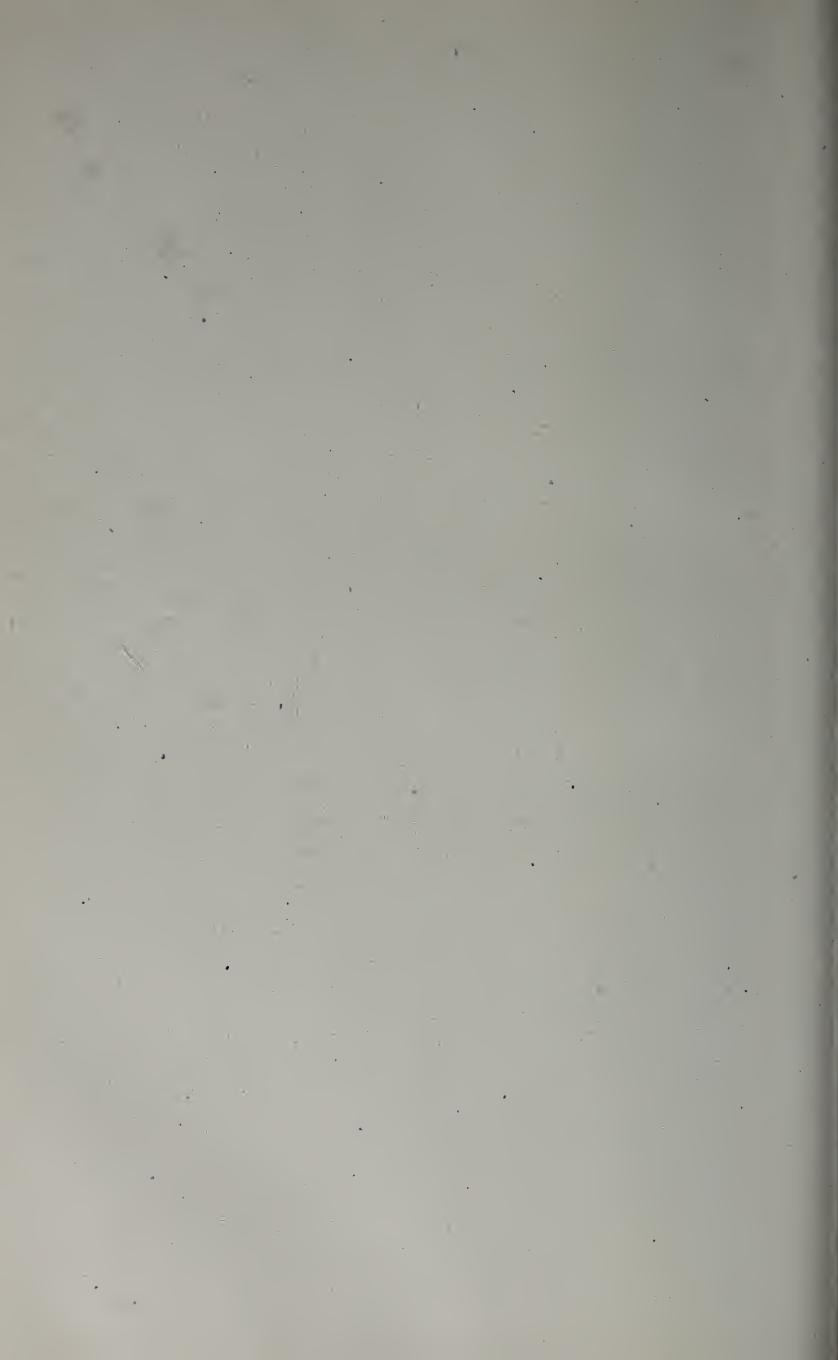
"Wisdom denies even that *they* themselves should know the cause and extent of their individual efforts. Such vain knowledge possessed by any one of them would be a serious disqualification. The spiritual *mimosa sensitiva* would shrink from them, and the pure truth would pale and depart before them, if they privately knew what and who they are." He now appeared once more disposed to bid me an adieu, and said: "*Arabula*, my brother!" I asked whether he had not something more for me or the world, and his valedictory words, as he was passing outward, were: "Tell mankind, my brother, that the Universe is a volume of holy writing, the title-page whereof not even the highest seraph has altogether read. Tell them that the Centre

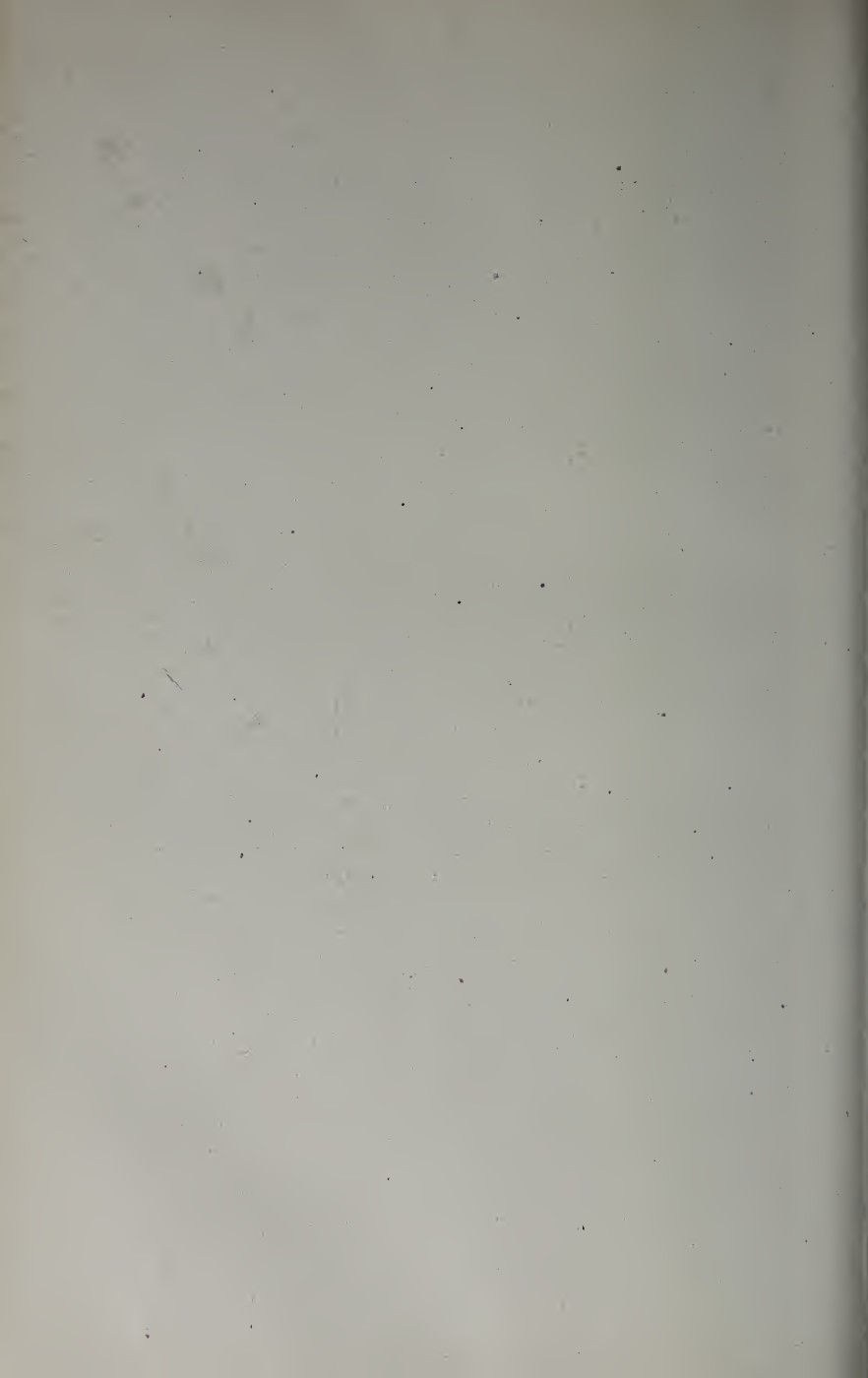
of all formation is a holy-hearted *Porilleum*, a Fountain of eternal love and Wisdom ; that it floweth impartially throughout the encircling existences ; and that we drink from it as from an ocean of pure water."

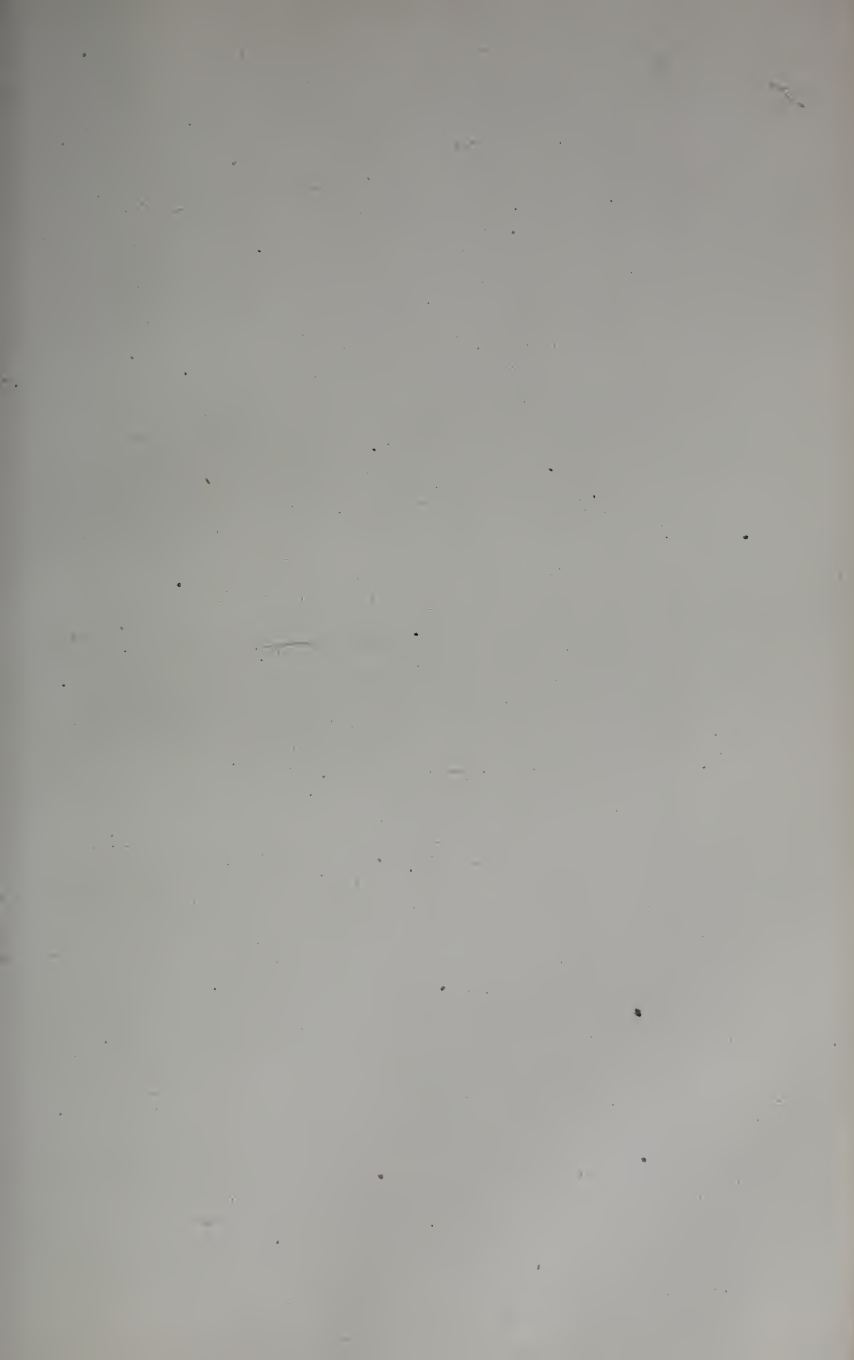


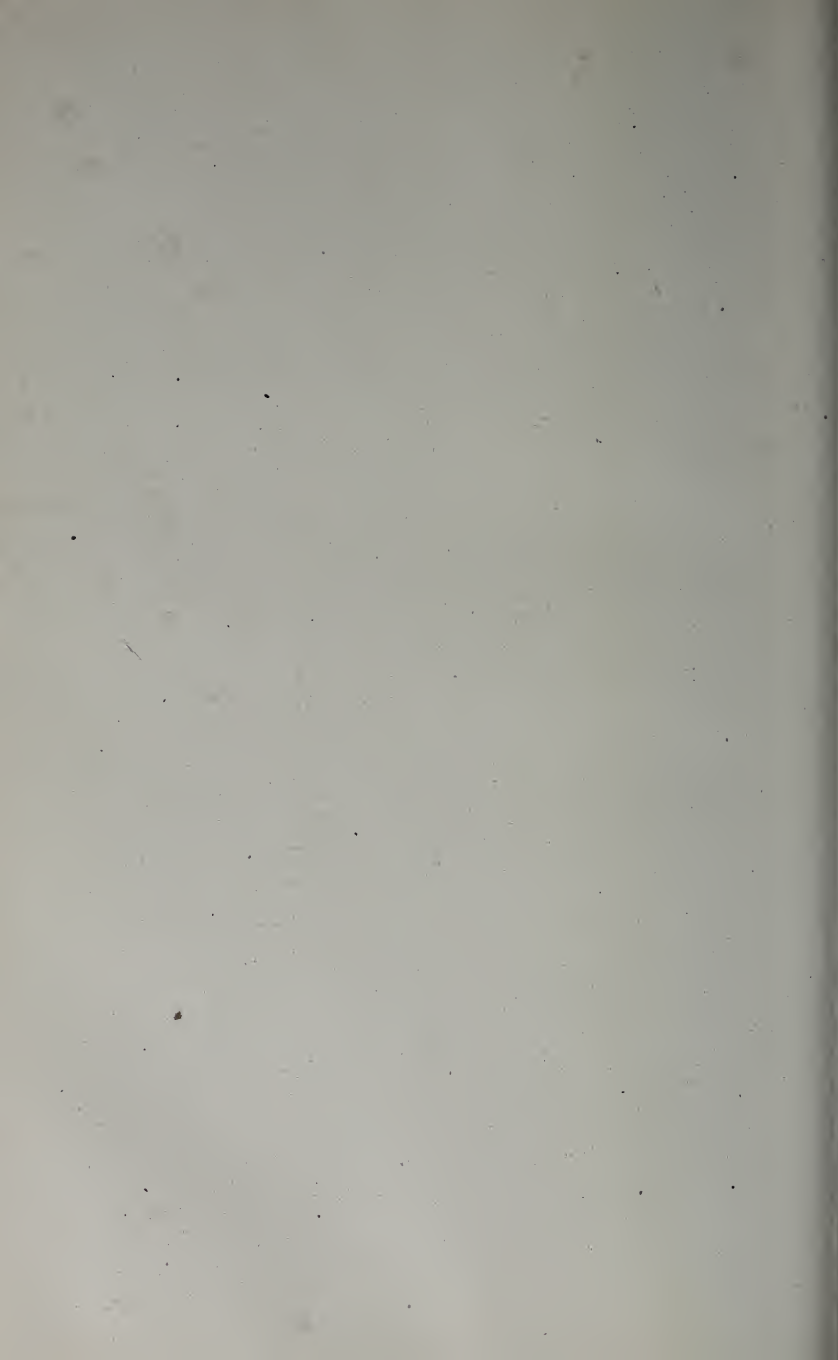


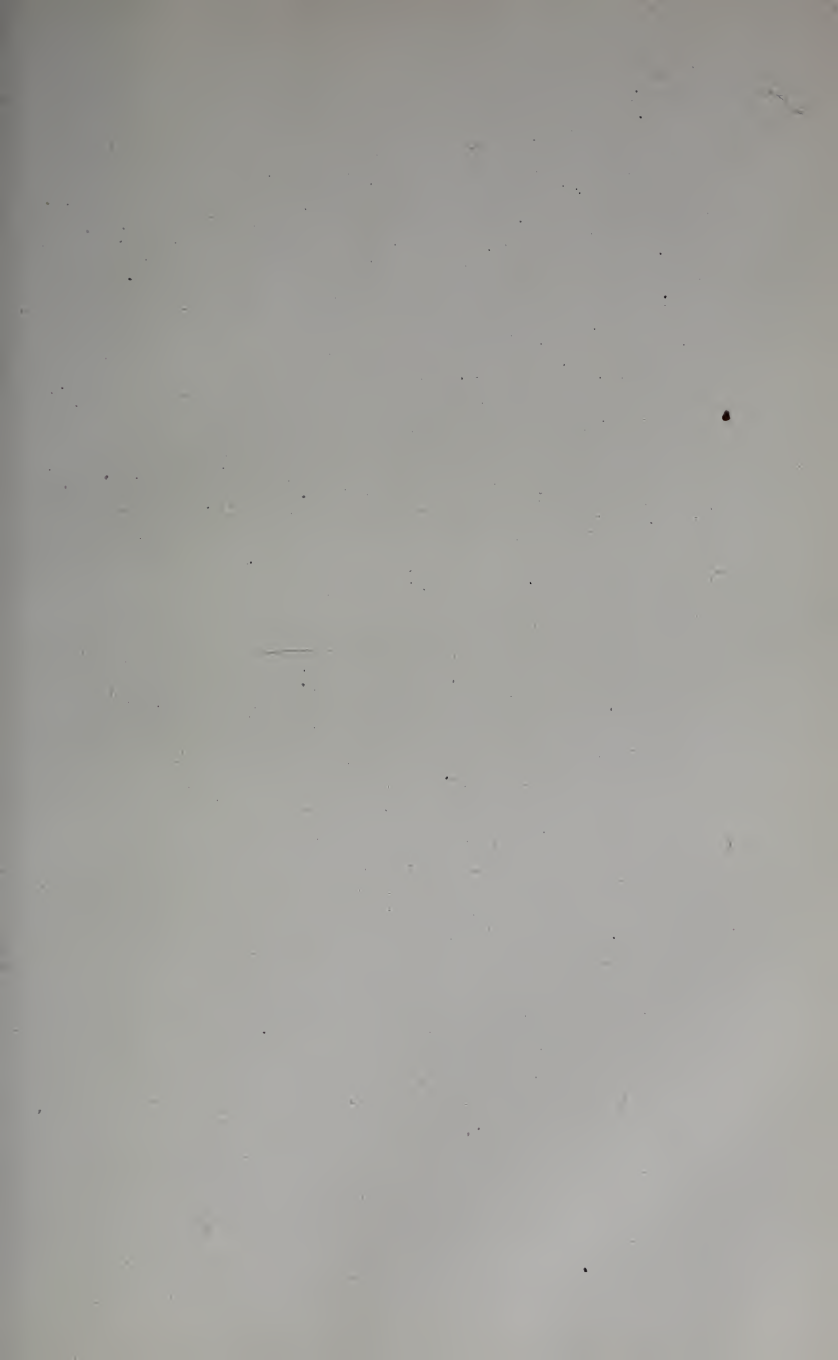


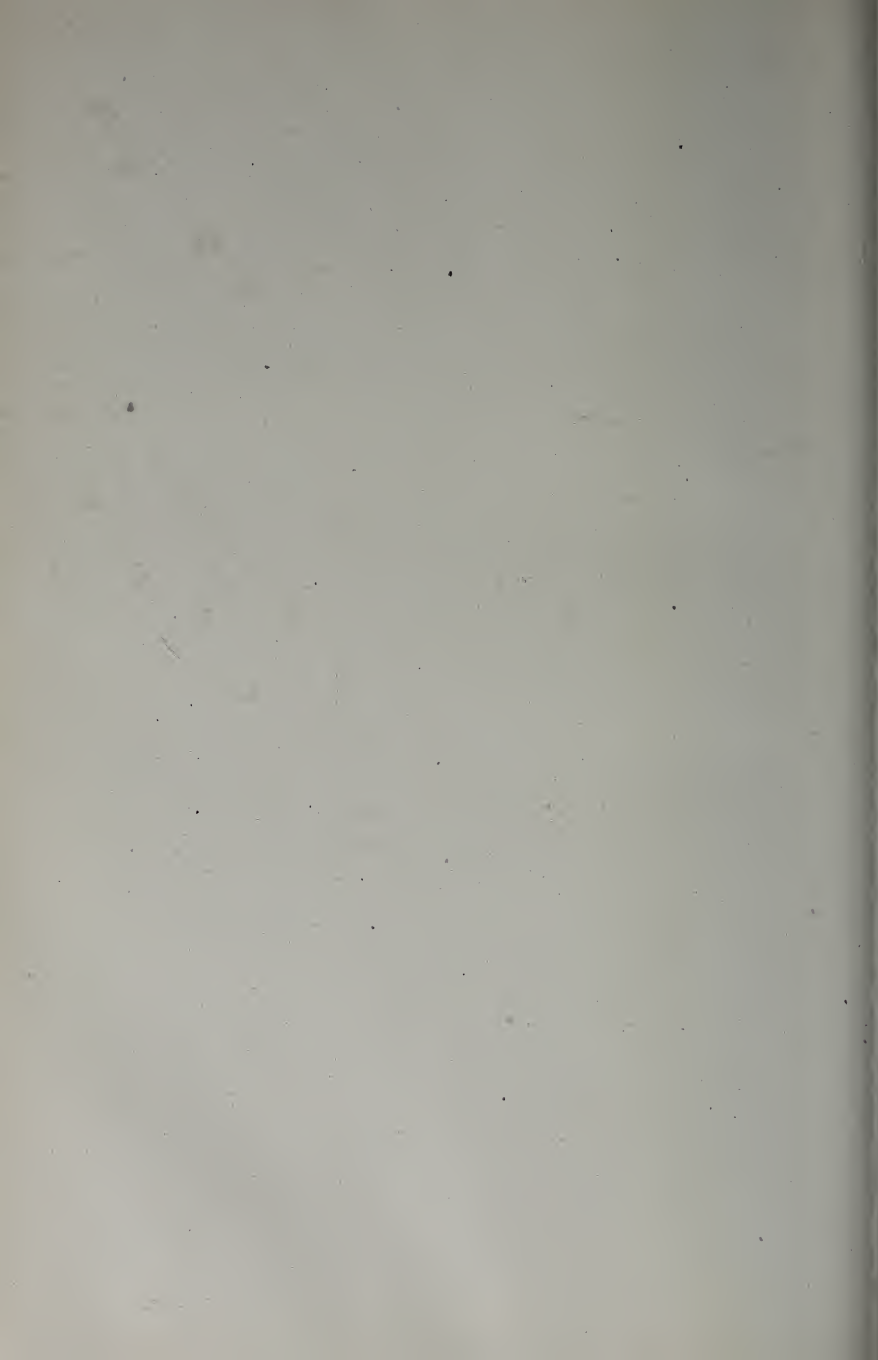


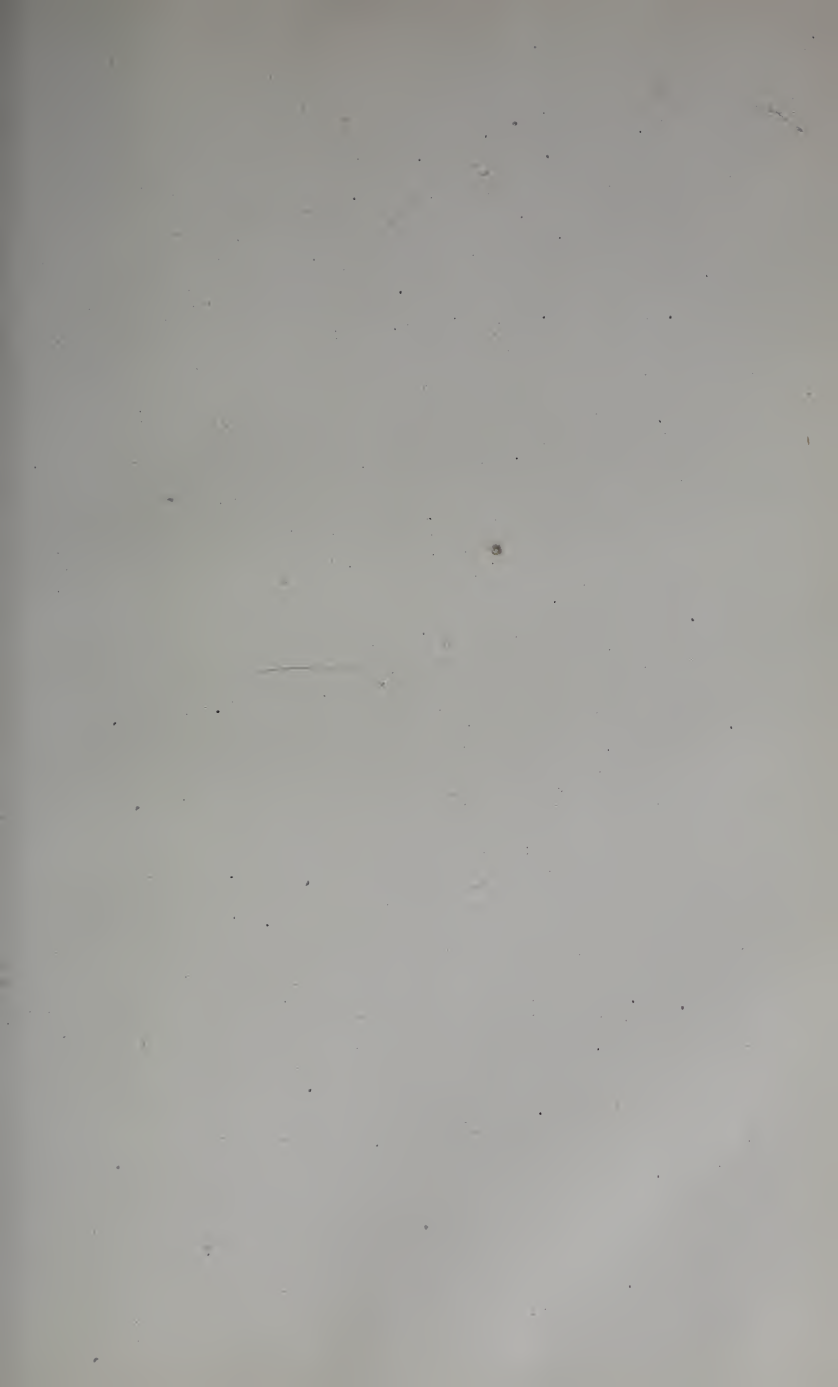


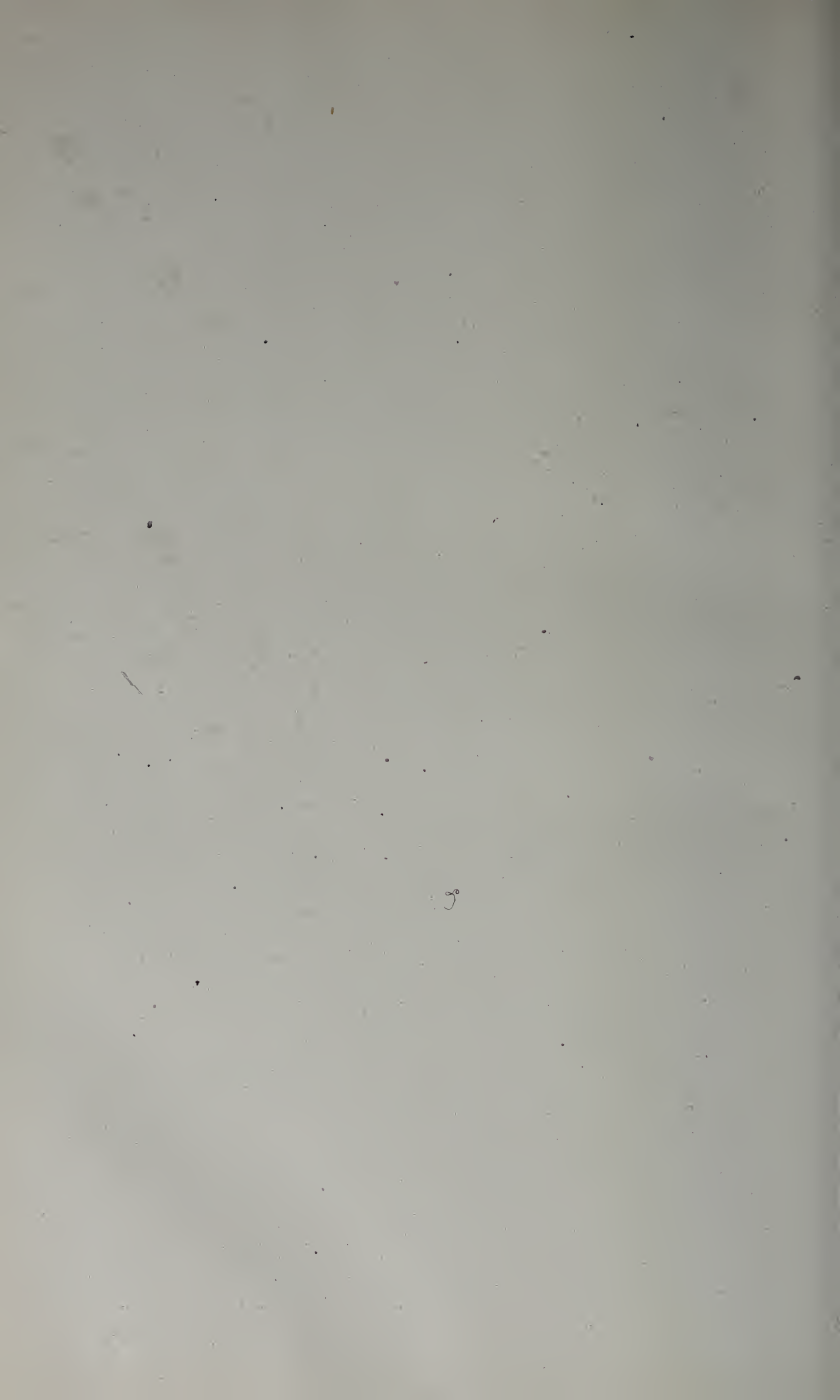


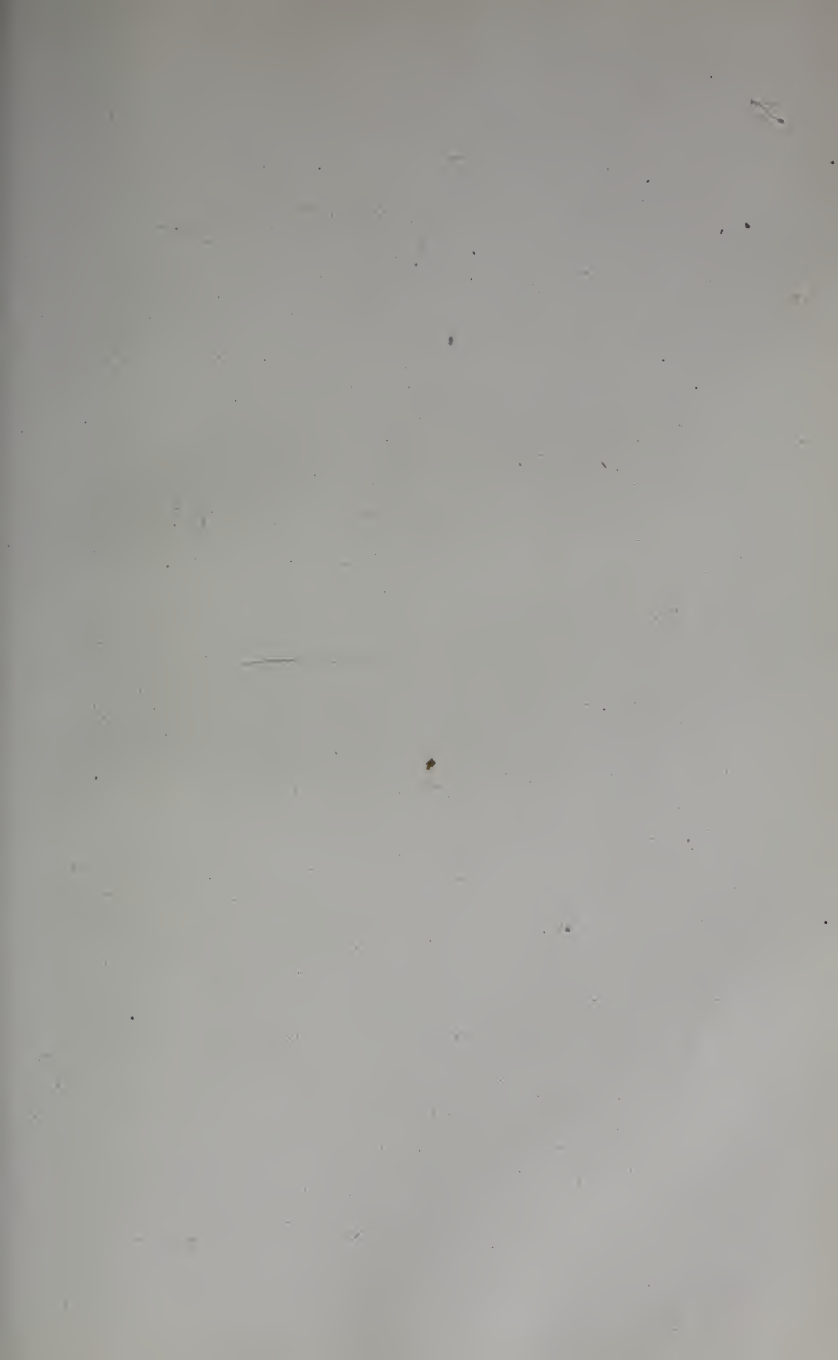


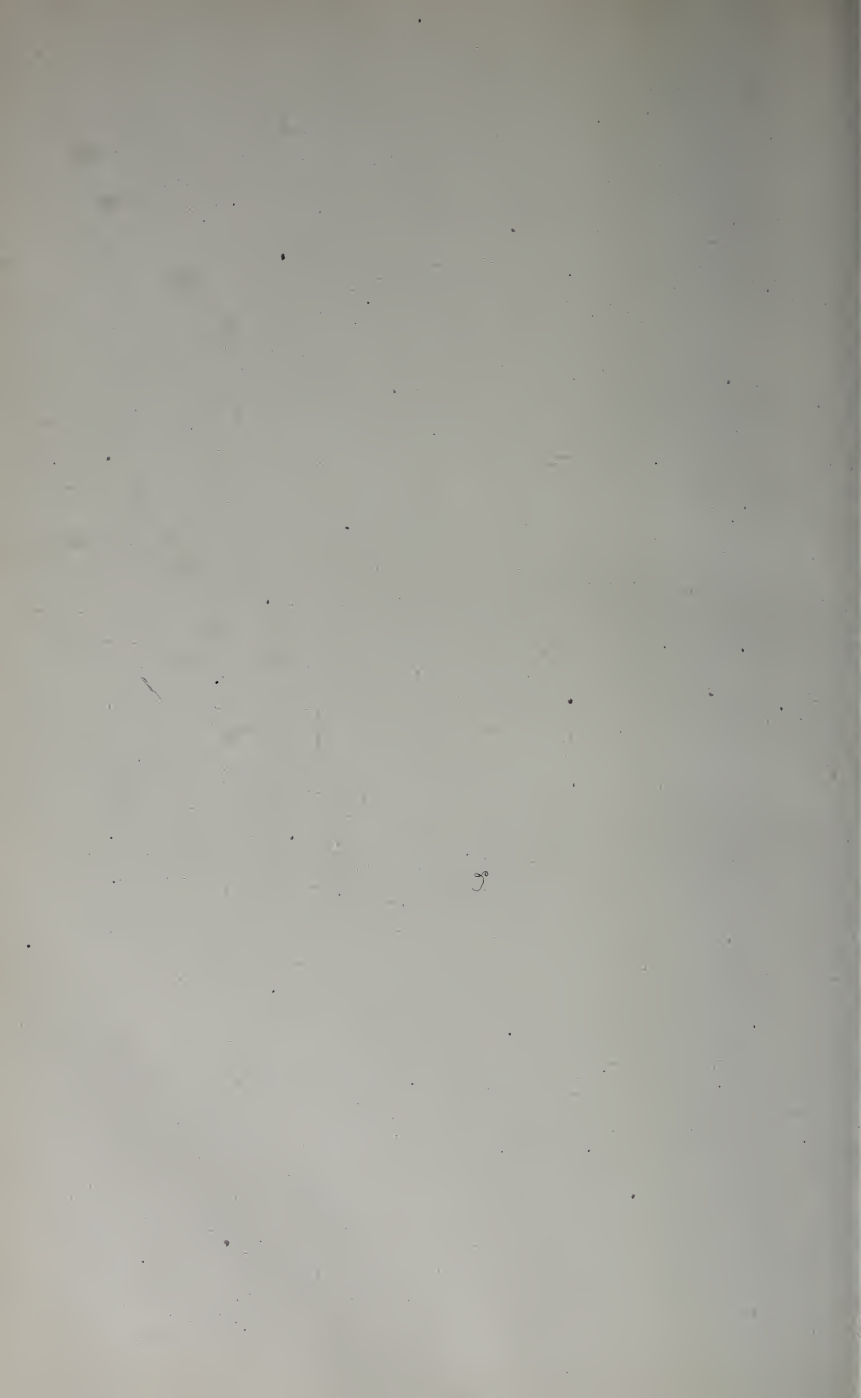


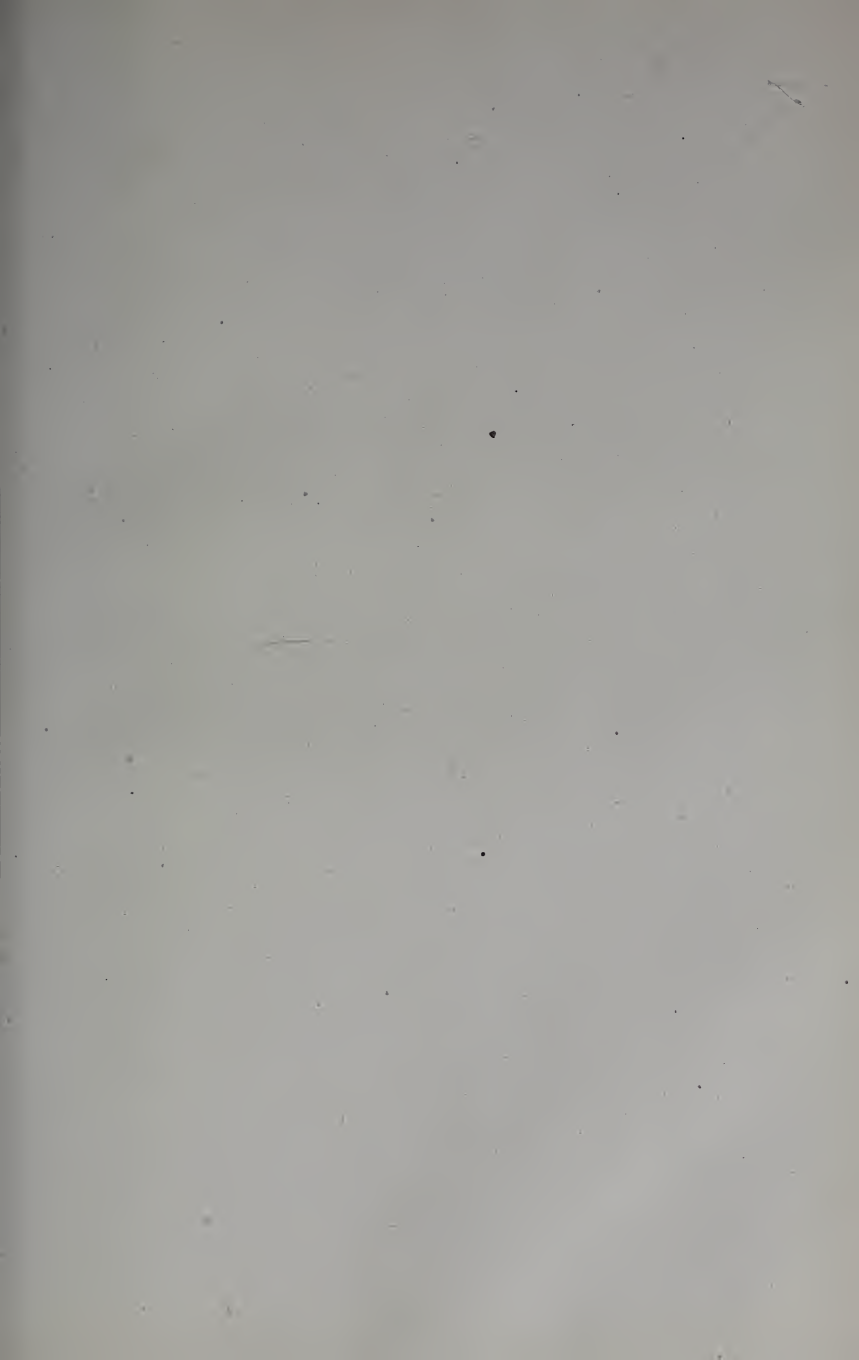


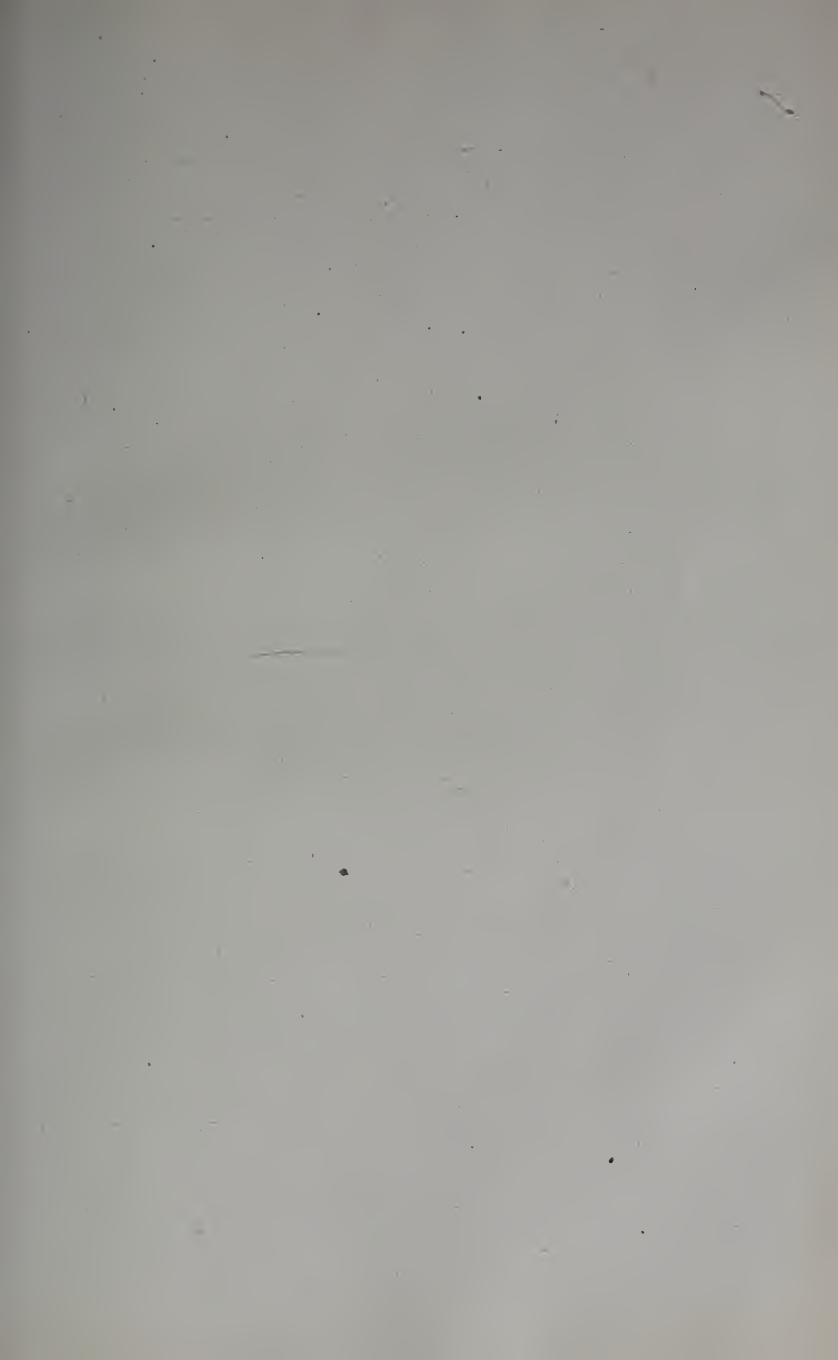


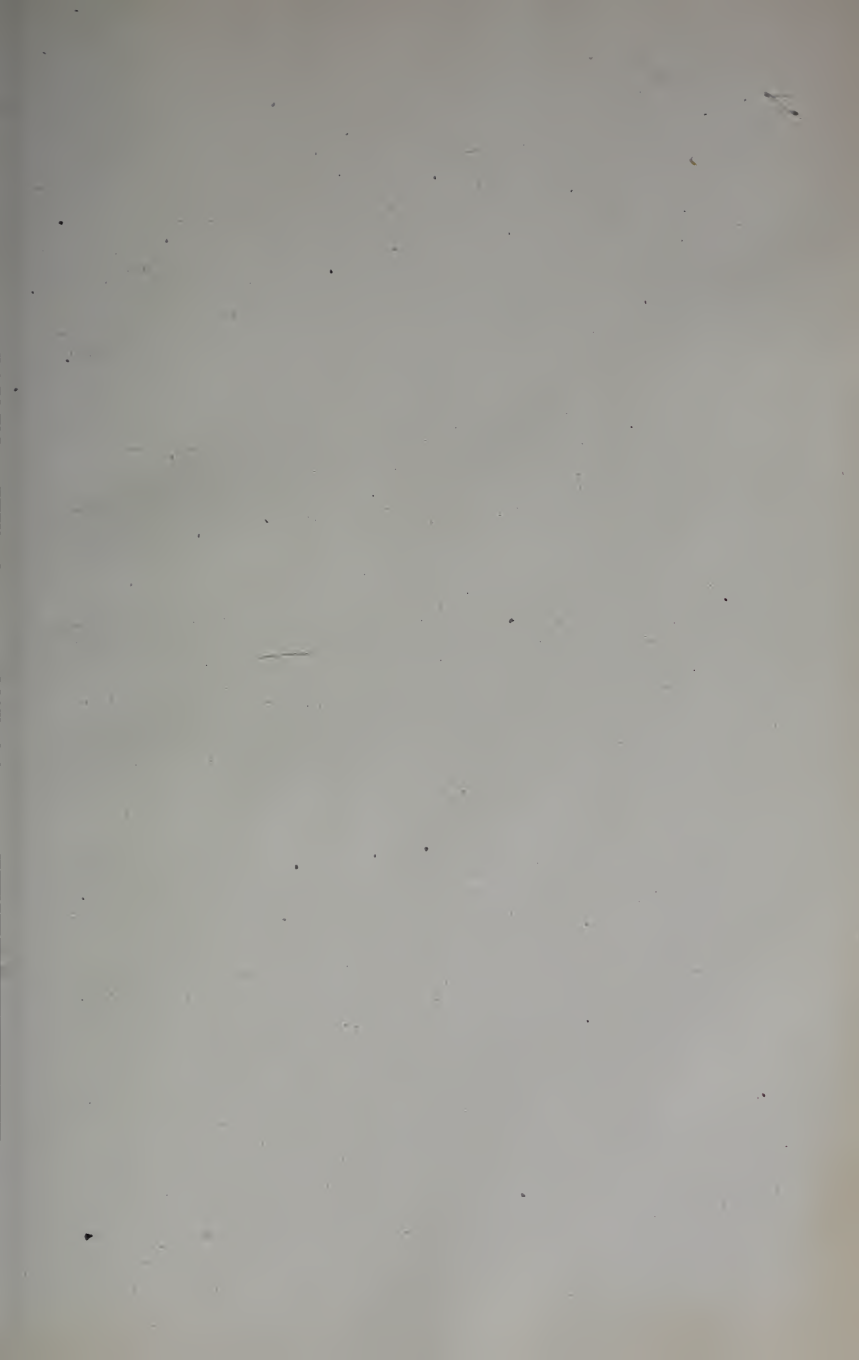


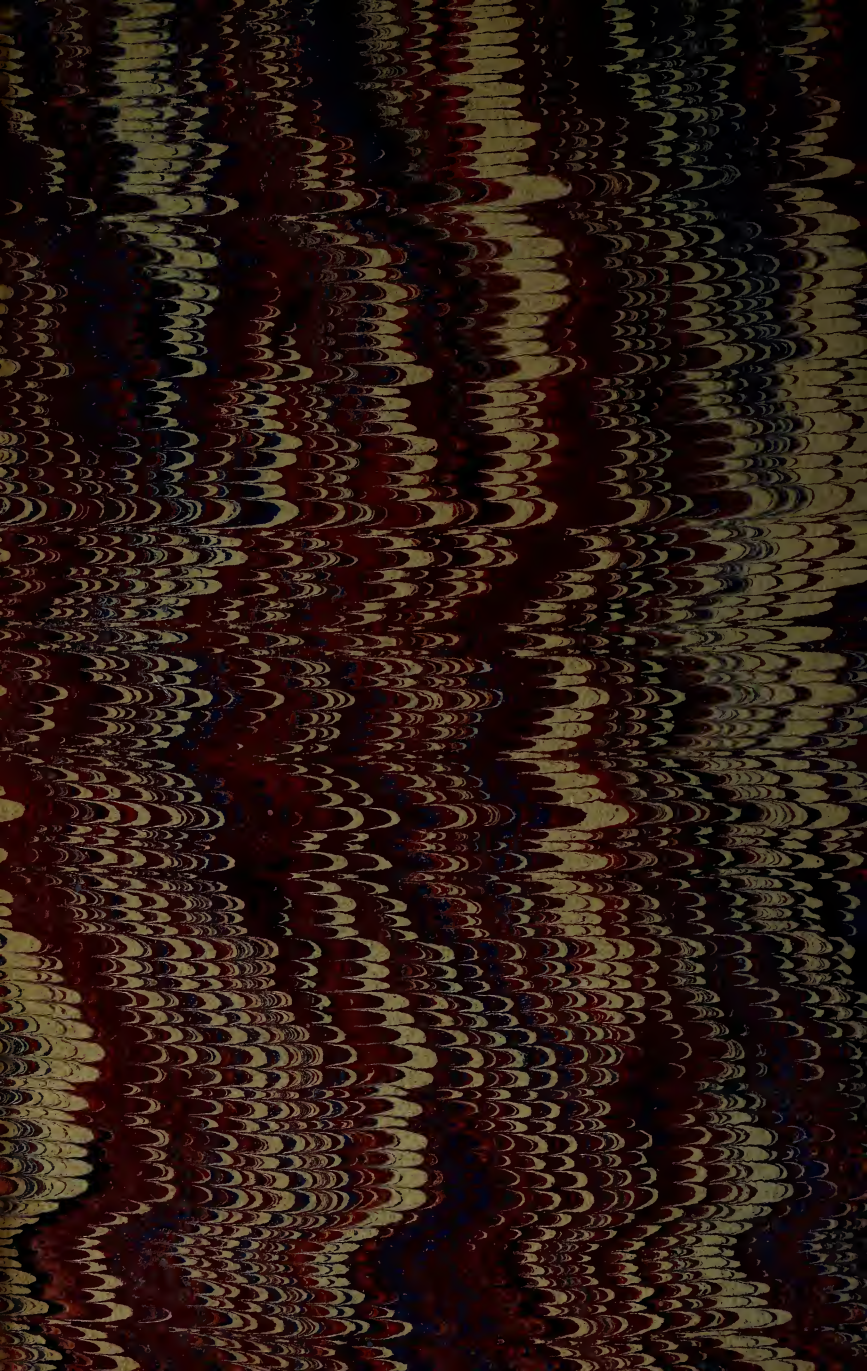


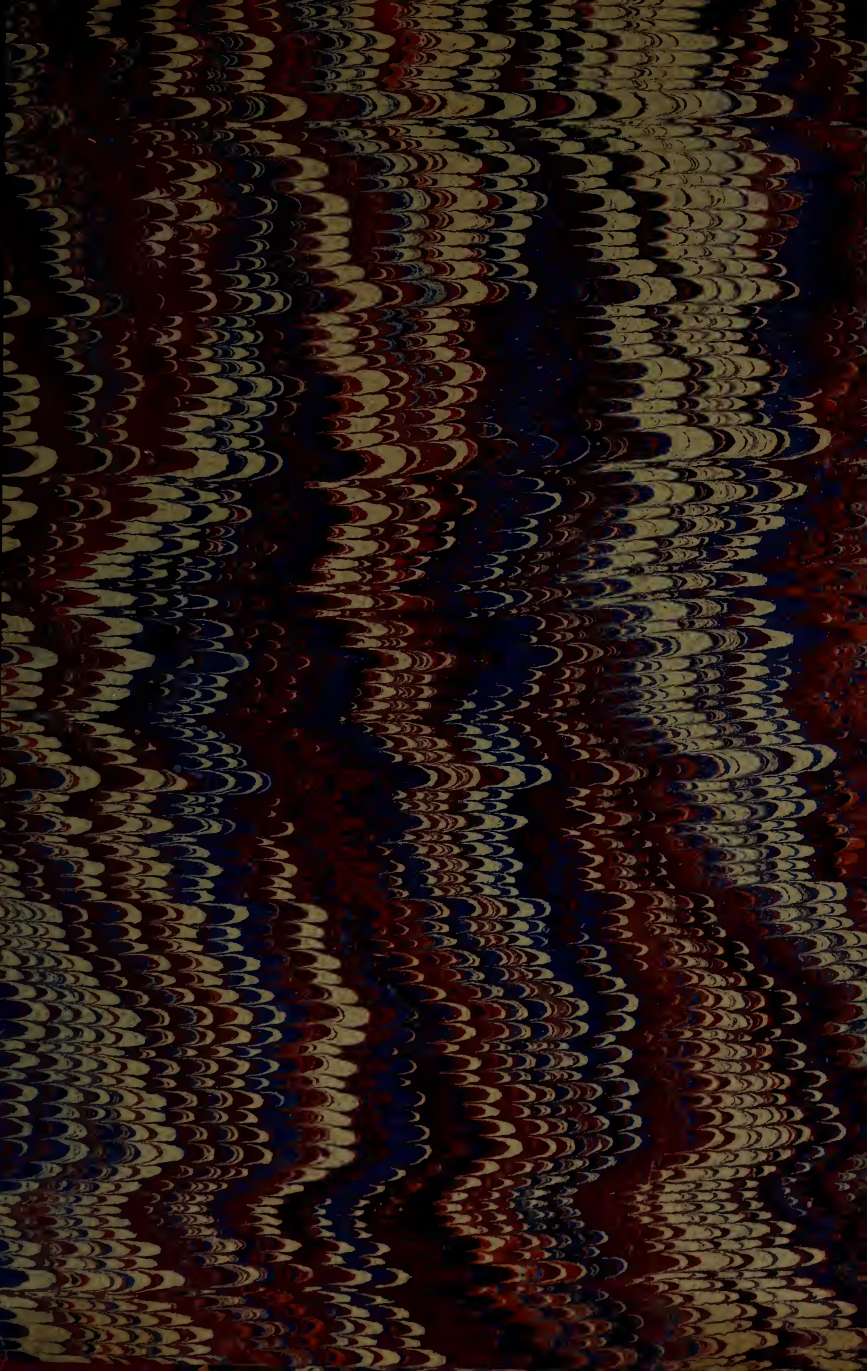












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 022 007 400 6